

See page 252 for "Bismarck in the Wilhelm Strasse," to be followed by "Bismarck in the Reichstag," and "Bismarck at Home," by George W. Hinman, Ph.D.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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GERMANY'S GRAND OLD MAN.

BISMARCK ON HIS EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY. DRAWN BY W. H. FINCH. (SEE PAGE 252.)

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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WE publish in this issue the first of a series of three articles on Prince Bismarck and the conspicuous features of his great career. The author of these articles, Mr. George W. Hinman, has had exceptional opportunities, during his residence in Germany, to study the life-work of the ex-chancellor, and both the analysis of his character and motives, and the description of the important historic episodes in which he prominently figured, will be found of peculiar interest and value.

The Life-insurance Business.

THE recent examination into the condition of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association disclosed, according to the New York *Herald*, certain discrepancies between the company's estimate of unpaid claims and that of the Insurance Department, which are likely to affect public opinion unfavorably. The company is charged with having made erroneous returns as to death-claim liability and with having violated the provision of its constitution in reference to the creation of a reserve fund by using for current expenses a percentage of the mortuary receipts which properly belonged to that fund for the benefit of the insured. The officers of the company allege that the existing discrepancies, which amount to a very considerable sum, can be satisfactorily explained, and it is certainly to be hoped that they can be. It would be a very grave misfortune if the allegations should prove to be correct.

The life-insurance interest has come to hold such an intimate relation to society, and is such an enormous factor in our business system, that practically everybody is concerned in the maintenance of integrity and economy in its management. It is undoubtedly true that the public confidence in some of the larger companies has been impaired in recent years by intimations from well-informed sources that they are extravagantly managed, that their investments are often unwise and insecure, and that their valuations of assets, as given in their published statements, are to a considerable extent fictitious. The fact that many of these companies hold close relations with leading politicians who are supposed to have a control of legislation, and that lobby agents are frequently employed at Albany and other capitals, is not unnaturally construed as indicative of a desire to prevent any close investigation into their affairs which would discover to the public facts which are now concealed. We express no opinion as to the justice of these suspicions. But we are satisfied that it is in the interest of policy-holders, as well as of that of every honestly-managed company, that a full and exhaustive examination should be made into the affairs of all these institutions. In the prosecution of this work the very best and ablest experts—men who are incapable of being corrupted or swerved from the honest performance of their duty—should be employed, and they should be backed by all the power of the State in getting at the bottom facts in every case.

Too often, in the past, investigations have been merely perfunctory, and, having been widely advertised in advance, have found the corporations swept and garnished for the occasion. That is not the sort of examination which satisfies anybody except officials who have something to cover up, and these are not the persons whose interests are to be consulted. The inquiry that tells, that finds out the truth, is that which comes unheralded and is prosecuted with persistent vigor to a conclusion, with reference only to the discovery of the truth. That sort of investigation would be welcomed by the general public, and could not be distasteful to any life-insurance company which is conducting its business on sound and upright principles.

Why Is It?

WHAT is the influence in the State Legislature that has delayed the Troy police bill, which looks to the rescue of that city from the control of the infamous Murphy machine? That bill is demanded not only by Republicans, but by all reputable citizens of whatever party; the sentiment in its favor is practically overwhelming. It was natural to suppose that a Republican Legislature would enact it into a law without a moment's hesitation or delay. But instead of doing so, it has treated the popular appeal with contempt and has justified the suspicion that Edward Murphy is as influential in Republican politics as he is in Democratic—that some Republican legislators are more anxious to do the bidding of gamblers, dive-keepers, election thieves, and disreputable folk of every sort than they are to promote the interests of reform, and secure honest and cleanly government to a city which has suffered, and is suffering, every possible indignity and outrage at the hands of a horde of partisan mercenaries and outlaws. If

the blood of the murdered Ross calls for vengeance upon the instruments of the Murphy machine, how shall those Republican Assemblymen escape reproach who refuse to aid in the annihilation of that machine and every evil thing it stands for?

"White Supremacy."



WHILE the South is advancing steadily in material prosperity, there are some sections in which old-time antipathies and prejudices seem to paralyze all political progress. In South Carolina, for instance, where the events of the last few years were supposed to have pretty effectually broken up the old foundations, Bourbonism appears to be just as arrogant and violent as ever, especially as to every question involving the rights of the blacks. Just now this sentiment is manifesting itself in a movement looking to the control of the coming constitutional convention, and the preservation of "white supremacy." The two Democratic factions, lately clawing at one another's throats, have pooled their issues and agreed to a division of delegates on a basis which will absolutely insure a "white man's convention," spite of the fact that the colored voters outnumber the whites by some thirty or forty thousand. The underlying purpose of this movement is, of course, to embody in the constitution some plan of suffrage restriction which will practically disfranchise the negroes without affecting white citizens, and this, with such a convention as is likely to be elected, will be quite easy of accomplishment. There is, however, one further difficulty. The blacks will have the right to vote on the adoption of the constitution as revised, and it is not to be supposed that, if allowed to do so, they will favor its ratification. How is this difficulty to be met? One newspaper makes the remarkable suggestion that the convention, in determining the method of submitting the constitution to the people, shall provide that it take effect if there are sixty-five thousand votes in its favor, without regard to the vote that may be cast against it. There being about two hundred thousand voters in the State, this amounts to a proposition that two-thirds of the number shall be disfranchised in advance of any constitutional provision to that effect.

Nothing could more conclusively illustrate the desperation of the ruling oligarchy in South Carolina than this wild proposal. For nearly twenty years that State has been governed by a minority who have maintained their supremacy by wholesale outrages on the ballot. Now it is sought to perpetuate this domination, even if the minority should split into smaller fragments, by lodging in the fundamental law a denial to the majority, in some effective form, of rights guaranteed to them by the National Constitution as the essential basis and necessary buttress of free citizenship! If anybody has supposed that the spirit of nullification is extinct in South Carolina, this revelation of the temper of the ruling oligarchy must effectually remove that impression.

The South and the New England Cotton Industry.



A COMMITTEE of the Massachusetts Legislature has been in the South investigating the development of cotton manufacturing. Before it went it sat for a couple of days in Boston, hearing evidence from representatives of the labor organizations in Massachusetts, and also from cotton manufacturers of the State. It might have been well, perhaps, if the committee had gone South at the outset of its proceedings. Its members would then have been able to put to the test of a little cross-examination the evidence which was submitted to it in behalf of labor and capital in Boston. An inquiry conducted on such lines would have been fairer to the South, and might have elicited more information of the kind which would be really useful in New England. As it is, labor politics have entered largely into the inquiry. It has been the interest of the representatives of the labor organizations rather to belittle recent developments in the South, and to insist that New England manufacturers were making a bugaboo of Southern competition.

On the other hand, although only three large corporations have as yet asked for amendments to their charters permitting them to carry on operations in the South, the whole weight of the Arkwright Club of Boston has been brought to bear upon the Legislative committee. At its instance, and headed by its president, half a dozen or more Massachusetts cotton-mill corporations, which seemingly have no immediate intention either of moving South or of establishing additional mills there, through their superintendents appeared before the committee to insist that the South has great natural advantages over New England, as regards the cotton trade; that economic and political conditions in the South are more favorable to the industry than are those conditions in New England; and that these great advantages possessed by the South ought in the future to

be borne in mind by New England Legislatures when dealing with taxation and with labor and factory laws.

Some of the witnesses heard by the committee in Boston showed a lack of full and first-hand information on this question of the Southern mills. The manufacturing witnesses laid stress on the fact that raw cotton can be bought at half to three-quarters of a cent a pound cheaper in the South than in New England, and also on the fact that white labor is very much cheaper in Georgia or Carolina than in Massachusetts or New Hampshire. One of the witnesses put the difference in wages as high as thirty per cent. It was urged also that coal was much cheaper in the South than in New England, and it was shown also that climatic conditions are now no longer of the importance they once were in cotton manufacturing; for, with mechanical appliances in use in most modern mills to-day, it is possible to produce in New England, or in Georgia, an artificially moistened atmosphere which is as good for all cotton-mill purposes as the atmosphere in Lancashire—an atmosphere which in the early days of cotton manufacturing in England greatly helped to give that county its present pre-eminence in the cotton industry of the world.

It was also demonstrated at Boston that taxes are much lighter in the South than in New England, and that, excepting the eleven-hours-day law, Southern manufacturers are free from all Legislative restrictions. It was urged, too, that the South has no labor unions, and is not likely to have any until all its surplus labor has been absorbed. All these facts were emphasized before the committee by the members of the Arkwright Club. No single witness, however, made even a passing allusion to the use which is being made of the Southern water-ways and canals in the recent great development of the cotton industry. This was a rather remarkable oversight, for it is along these water-ways that most of the recent cotton-mill building in the South has taken place. Nearly all the new mills in the neighborhood of Spartanburg, South Carolina, are on the rivers. Several of the finest mills in the South are on the banks of the Pacolet, and derive their motive power from its full and rapid flow. Four or five of the great modern mills of Augusta, Georgia, are on the banks of the Savannah Canal; and at Columbia, the capital of South Carolina, there is a mill which, in respect of its colossal size and the character of its equipment, will compare with any cotton mill in England or in the United States. It stands on the east bank of the Congaree Canal, about half a mile lower down the stream than the State penitentiary. Every wheel it contains is turned by electricity generated by the canal. It is the first great cotton mill in the South to which electricity as a motive power has been applied; but it will not long be exceptional in the use of this force, as so many of the streams in the South lend themselves to the generation of electric power.

When the labor leaders were before the committee at Boston they showed a disposition to rely upon census statistics as to the number of mills in the South. But bald statistics of this kind do not always adequately tell the story. They certainly do not fully tell the story of the development of the cotton industry in the South. To say that in 1880 the South had one hundred and eighty cotton mills and in 1890 the number had increased only to two hundred and fifty-four, and to give no additional particulars, is only to half tell the story. The old cotton mills in the South were small, ramshackle concerns, ill-equipped and indifferently located. It is impossible to compare these with the modern mills in the South. Between mills like the one at Pacolet, South Carolina, or the Sibley mill at Augusta, Georgia, and the old type of Southern mill there is no more comparison than there is between a Hudson River tow-boat and an Atlantic liner. It is not to be inferred that all the new mills in the South are as commodious as that at Columbia or the Pacolet or the Augusta mills; but even the smaller, newer mills are well located, equipped with modern machinery, and run on altogether different lines from the mills which existed in the South in plantation days, when all cotton goods except the very coarsest, used for clothing for negro slaves, were imported. Little or no cotton goods of ordinary grades are now imported in the South; and on the other hand, the products of Southern mills are being marketed in large quantities in the far East, in markets which not many years ago were monopolized by European manufacturers.

Reform in Chicago.



MAYOR GEORGE B. SWIFT.

THE victory for municipal reform just achieved in Chicago is one of the most notable events of recent political history. In some respects it equals in significance the triumph of the reform sentiment in this metropolis last November. For twenty years, more or less continuously, Chicago has been dominated by the worst elements of its population. A combine of partisan desperadoes, representing the mercenaries and corruptionists of both parties, have held the city, by means of frauds upon the ballot and alliances with all the vicious forces of the civic life, in their remorseless clutch, and as a result the local government had become a shield for vice and crime of every sort,

and the people were pillaged right and left, without hope or possibility of redress. The anarchism which has flaunted itself in the face of the community, the conspiracies against administrative and judicial authority which have largely paralyzed the enforcement of law and order, were the outcome of this untoward condition, which now, at last, by a magnificent assertion of the public will, has been overwhelmingly reversed. The election of a Republican and reform mayor by a majority of forty-two thousand, with a council overwhelmingly Republican, and all important departments of the city government in Republican hands—these are results which attest most conclusively the thoroughness of the boodlers' overthrow.

It is especially gratifying that the benefits of this signal victory will be, for the most part, permanent in their effect. The voters having decided, by a majority of forty thousand, to place every department of the city government under the operations of the civil-service law, partisan influences will be eliminated from the police and other branches of the public service, and efficiency and integrity will have the just primacy which they have hitherto been denied.

The professional politicians who fancy that conscience counts for nothing in politics, and that they can safely defy the tendencies toward civic reform, may find in this Chicago revolution another proof of their utter misconception of the public temper and the influence of the moral forces in public affairs.



It is to be hoped that there is no truth in the statement that the Gray-Percy racing bill, which has passed the lower house of the State Legislature, is in danger of being strangled in the Senate. This measure has the approval of about everybody in the State who desires the abolition of betting rings and book-makers' stands, and the only serious opposition it has so far encountered has been that of professional gamblers and turfmen of the Guttenberg order. It would seem that no honest, high-minded legislator ought to have any difficulty in determining where his duty lies as between these antagonizing interests. It is certain that if this bill shall be "held up," in the face of the overwhelming sentiment in its favor, those who may be concerned in the operation will have good reason to regret their mistake, since they will be branded deservedly as Legislative mercenaries of the very meanest stamp.

The action of the government in dispatching to Nicaragua the commission provided for by Congress for the purpose of "ascertaining the feasibility, permanence, and cost of construction and completion" of the Nicaragua Canal will command the hearty approval of all patriotic citizens. There can be no doubt at all as to the desirability of a speedy prosecution of this great enterprise, or as to its control remaining in American hands, and any proceeding which definitely identifies the government with it is a long step in the direction of these results. The fact that the commission will have the moral support of the United States flag, emphasized by the presence of a war-ship at Greytown, during the prosecution of their labors, gives gratifying assurance that American interests will not be permitted to suffer should the existing complications between Nicaragua and Great Britain be prolonged beyond the 15th instant, when the ultimatum of the latter, demanding damages for the expulsion of Mr. Hatch and other British subjects, will expire by limitation.

AMONG the acts passed by the New Jersey Legislature at its recent session was one prohibiting the naturalization of aliens within thirty days of any election. The bill was stoutly resisted by the Democrats of the Legislature, and was vetoed by the Democratic Governor, but the sentiment was so strong in its favor that the Republican majority speedily re-enacted it. There are few States in the Union where the old methods of indiscriminate naturalization have been carried to greater extremes than in the populous centres of New Jersey. In some of these centres the Democracy have maintained themselves in power, until recently, wholly by means of their enormous naturalizations at every important election—in this way overcoming the natural drift of public opinion against them. The effect of the new law will be to arrest the cheapening of citizenship and protect the established electorate against sudden and formidable intrusions of an ignorant and vicious element, manipulated and controlled by scheming bosses and partisan oligarchies. It has already illustrated its advantages in the spring elections in some of the larger cities, where hordes of aliens for the most part conspicuously unfitted for the responsibilities of citizenship, applied in vain for naturalization.

It will surprise many persons to learn that the work on the Eleventh Census, which has cost over eleven millions of dollars, is still incomplete. Of the twenty-five final volumes in which its results are summed up, only eight have so far been issued; and it is probable that the remaining volumes may not be published before the end of the year. Several of the publications authorized for this census have

been abandoned because the information collected was not sufficiently complete or accurate to warrant publication—a fact which speaks poorly for the efficiency of some branches of the bureau charged with this important work. The long delay in the publication of the reports makes many of them, of course, practically worthless; and the opinion is gaining ground that if work of this kind cannot be more promptly and efficiently done in future, the census should be confined to such details as can be collected and furnished to the public within a reasonable period. The suggestion is made in some quarters that it would be well to establish a permanent census bureau, which, with proper organization, would be able to undertake and perform the work committed to it with some celerity and greater satisfaction than seems possible under our present slipshod system. The cost of the work would certainly be very much less if organized and carried out along fixed and permanent lines.

MIXED results have attended the admission of women as voters at school elections in several of the States. At the municipal elections in Ohio they seem to have voted indiscriminately, and in some cases women candidates, being apparently opposed by their own sex, were defeated. In Columbus, where nearly one thousand women voted, two women candidates for the school board, running on the Democratic ticket, were beaten. In Tiffin, on the contrary, the school board was carried by the Democrats, with the aid of one thousand women voters. At Akron two women were chosen as school commissioners, and the two thousand women ballots were largely Republican. Among the persons voting at Cleveland were four venerable dames aged respectively eighty-four, eighty-six, eighty-seven, and eighty-nine years, three of whom walked to the polls and cast their ballots as if they had been used to doing so all their lives. At Wooster the women had carriages and conveyed invalid ladies and busy servant girls and washerwomen to the polls. Taking the State as a whole, Democrats and Republicans seem to have been about equally helped by the re-enforcements from the female ranks. In Bridgeport, Connecticut, where a religious issue was injected into the contest, nearly two thousand women, largely Roman Catholic, voted, and the Democrats swept the field. It is obvious that the new factor in our politics cannot be counted upon to pursue definite partisan lines, but that can hardly be regarded as a very serious misfortune.

Men and Things.

"This passeth year by year and day by day."

MESSRS. APPLETON & Co. have published an excellent translation of Max Nordau's "Degeneration," and it would be difficult to find a scientific book of five hundred and sixty pages that would hold the lay reader's attention with half the persistency and fascination that this very interesting and pessimistic volume does. Nordau's pessimism isn't convincing, it is only amusing; but there are certain portions of the book that show a more than usually acute mind and a critical insight that is valuable and suggestive. In his chapter on "Realism" he attacks with great vigor the pretension of Zola and his school, that all their work is based on observation and contact with life; that it has nothing in common with the idealists and romanticists. "Zola," he says, "has never observed; has never plunged into the full tide of life, but has always remained shut up in a world of paper, and drawn all his subjects out of his *own brain*, all his 'realistic' details from the papers and books read uncritically." He goes on to give the sources of knowledge shown in Zola's various novels, and cites book after book as furnishing important "realistic" detail to the great "realist." For instance, he says: "All the information on the life, manners, habits, and language of the Parisian workmen in 'L'Assommoir' are borrowed from a study by Denis Poulot, 'Le Sublime.' The scene of the confinement in 'La Joie de Vivre,' the description of the Mass in 'La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret,' etc., are copied, *word for word*, from an obstetric manual and a Mass-book." These are rather daring charges, and none the less interesting on that account. But the best part of this chapter is a page or so of selections from Hugo and Zola mixed up, and which Nordau asks the reader to pick out, one from the other—those of Hugo from those of Zola. This mixture of "realism" and "romanticism" is more congenial than can be readily thought, for it is impossible to tell the selections apart. After this it is no wonder that Mr. Howells doesn't think much of the book.

I cannot help thinking that Mr. Richard Mansfield, in his theatre, the Garrick, is going to have a very decided and very important influence in New York theatrical affairs. With the exception of Mr. Daly there is not a theatrical manager in New York to day who is anything more than a business speculator, and it is time for some such man as Mr. Mansfield to step in and rescue us from the toils. In fact, he is the only man I can bring to mind who has the courage and the artistic perception to produce plays that will appeal to an audience of intelligent and cultivated people. This has been shown conclusively more than once, but never better than in his doing that very delightful piece, "Arms and the Man," last autumn, a play which the ordinary manager would have passed by in contempt. True, the play met with little success, but it was done too early in the season, and I'm sure that a revival of it at the

Garrick would prove satisfactory. It is very good news that Miss Janet Achurch is coming out from England to be his "leading lady." She is an actress of rare power and great intelligence, and will add greatly to whatever company Mr. Mansfield may bring together. The fortunes of the new theatre will be watched eagerly by many like myself, who think that New York should have at least one theatre of some importance.

The only satisfaction that Mr. Whistler can have derived from his trouble with Lord Eldon is the knowledge that his now famous list of "enemies" has been increased by one. It is rather a formidable list, and includes almost every one who has been on terms of intimacy with the "shrill McNeil," and many who have not. Henry Labouchere, John Ruskin, Seymour Haden, Harry Quilter, Frederick Wedmore, Theodore Child, Sir Frederic Leighton, Swinburne, Walter Frith, Justin McCarthy, and Tom Taylor are the best known of those who at one time or another have become embroiled with him. It is most remarkable that a man whose work has to such a degree the quality of greatness can waste his time over petty quarrels that would disgrace a lesser man. The most comprehensive remark about Whistler that I've ever heard is that of Degas. "He talks and acts as if he couldn't paint," said the Frenchman; which is as sharp a rebuke as any of the victims of the "gentle art" could wish for him.

LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.



—ONE of the most interesting of the recent contributions to history is General Henry Harnden's account of his capture of Jefferson Davis after the fall of the Confederacy. General Harnden brands as a lie, which has certainly been a most persistent one, the accepted story that Mr. Davis was at the time clad in woman's attire. On the contrary, the ex-president of the Confederacy was dressed in his ordinary clothing, except that, according to General Harnden, he had a shawl thrown over his shoulders. General Harnden thinks that this may have been his wife's shawl, though it may have been his own, as it was not unfashionable at that time for men to make use of shawls. As for the hoopskirts, that part of the story is absolutely false.

—One of the remarkable old men of Philadelphia is John Sartain, who has been called the "father of engraving in America." He is eighty-six years old, but a very brisk and lively octogenarian. As a boy of thirteen he was employed behind the scenes at Kemble's theatre, and from that day to this he has gone on accumulating reminiscences of celebrities. He recollects Longfellow as a dandy, whose stock was so high that it bade fair to choke him. And he was on terms of intimacy with Poe and Thomas Buchanan Read. Poe, Mr. Sartain says, was a man of great modesty, but once, when excited by drink, he shouted out to Read: "Say what they will, I have written one poem, 'The Raven,' that shall live forever."

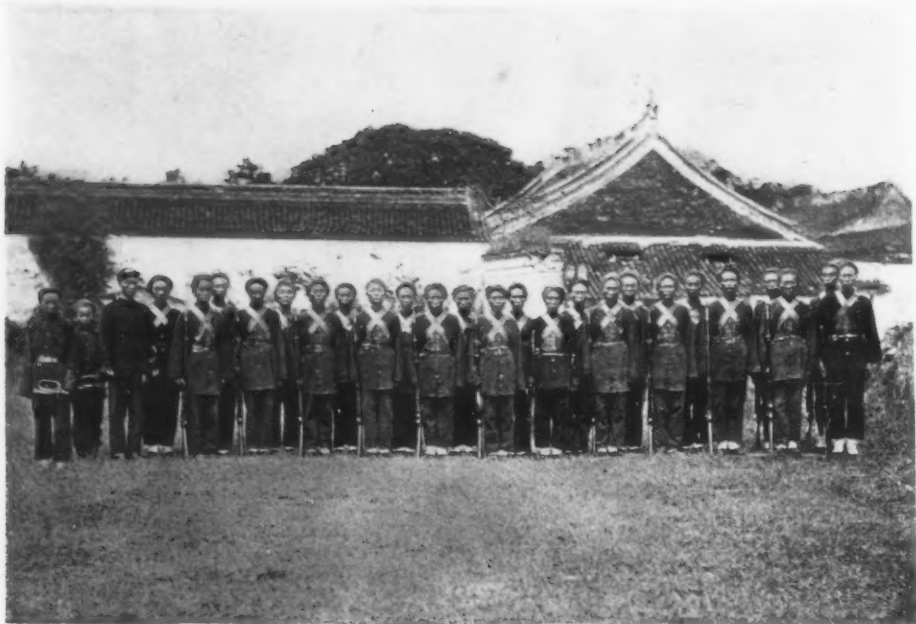
—Hon. A. Q. Keasbey, who died suddenly in Rome a few days since, was one of the most distinguished lawyers of New Jersey, with a wide practice in the higher courts of the country. He was for twenty-five years United States District Attorney for New Jersey, and in the famous Lewis will case and others of great importance achieved high professional success. He was a man of fine literary tastes, and a constant contributor to the press. For a decade and a half he had written for LESLIE'S WEEKLY, and always most acceptably, as to legal, social, and political questions.

—Albert Morris Bagby, who has been designated as a possible successor to Ward McAllister as arbiter of social elegancies, is a young man on the shady side of thirty who has had a singularly successful career in music and society in New York, and who has recently made a promising debut as an author. Mr. Bagby is a native of Illinois, where his father was a judge, and he was destined for the law, but he chose wisely when he went to Weimar to study with Liszt. He is a man of engaging personality, tactful, clever, and thoroughly versed in the fine art of living, as society understands it.

—Congressman Bland lives on a small farm a few miles from Lebanon, Missouri. In the intervals of Congress he gives more attention to his Ben Davis apples, of which he has five thousand trees, than to silver; and as they sell for forty cents a bushel, each tree yielding an average of five bushels, there seems to be as much profit in them. Mr. Bland is very democratic when away from Washington, and he looks and acts like a well-to-do farmer.

—Hall Caine spent three entire years on "The Manxman." He writes very slowly and painstakingly, and his chirography is so small that a single sheet of his manuscript contains seven hundred words. The book is to an extent a before-breakfast product, as it was the author's habit to wake up at five o'clock, prop himself up in bed, and bend all his energies to his literary task.

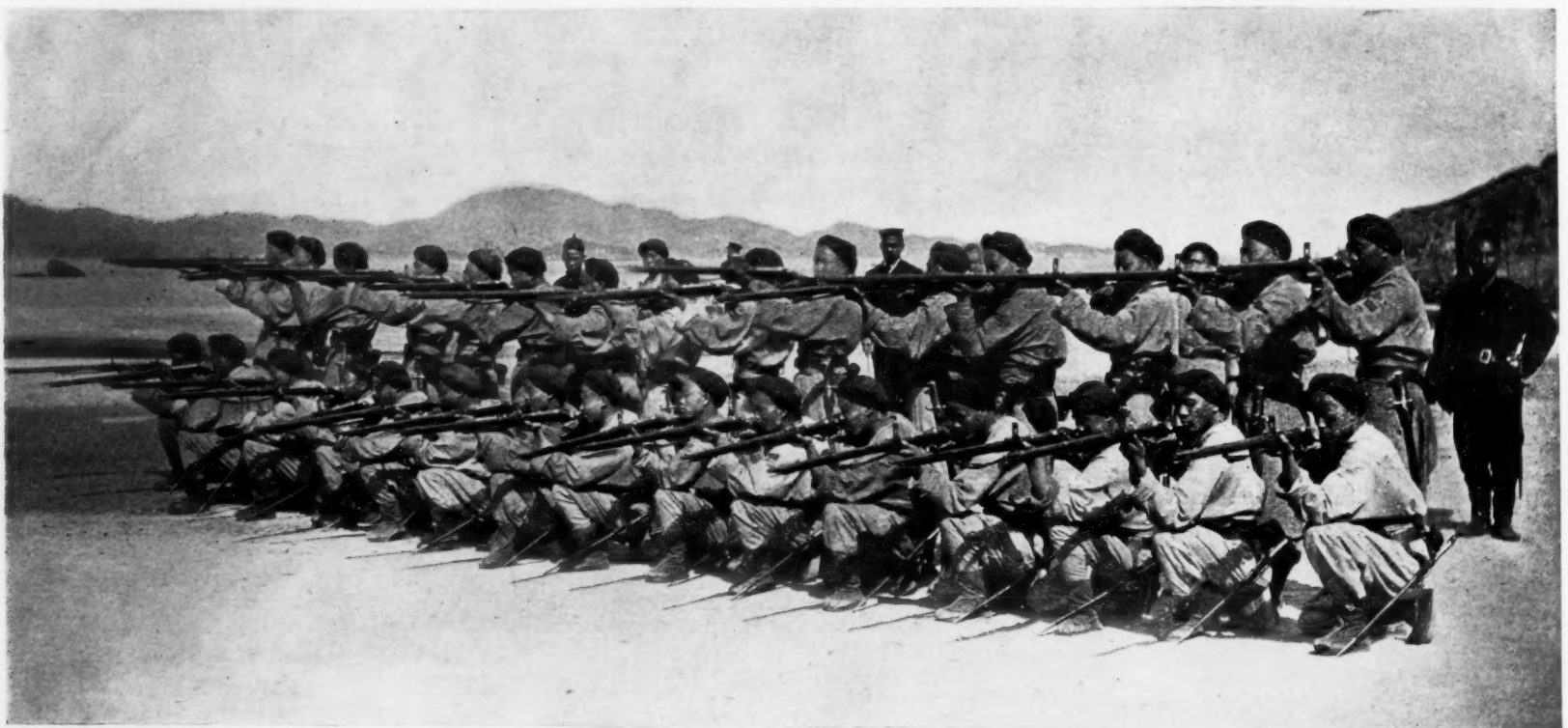
—Mrs. Evelyn Raymond, one of the favorite contributors to LESLIE'S WEEKLY, is just now devoting herself largely to writing for young people. Another of her popular books will be published during the coming season.



A MUSKET DRILL.



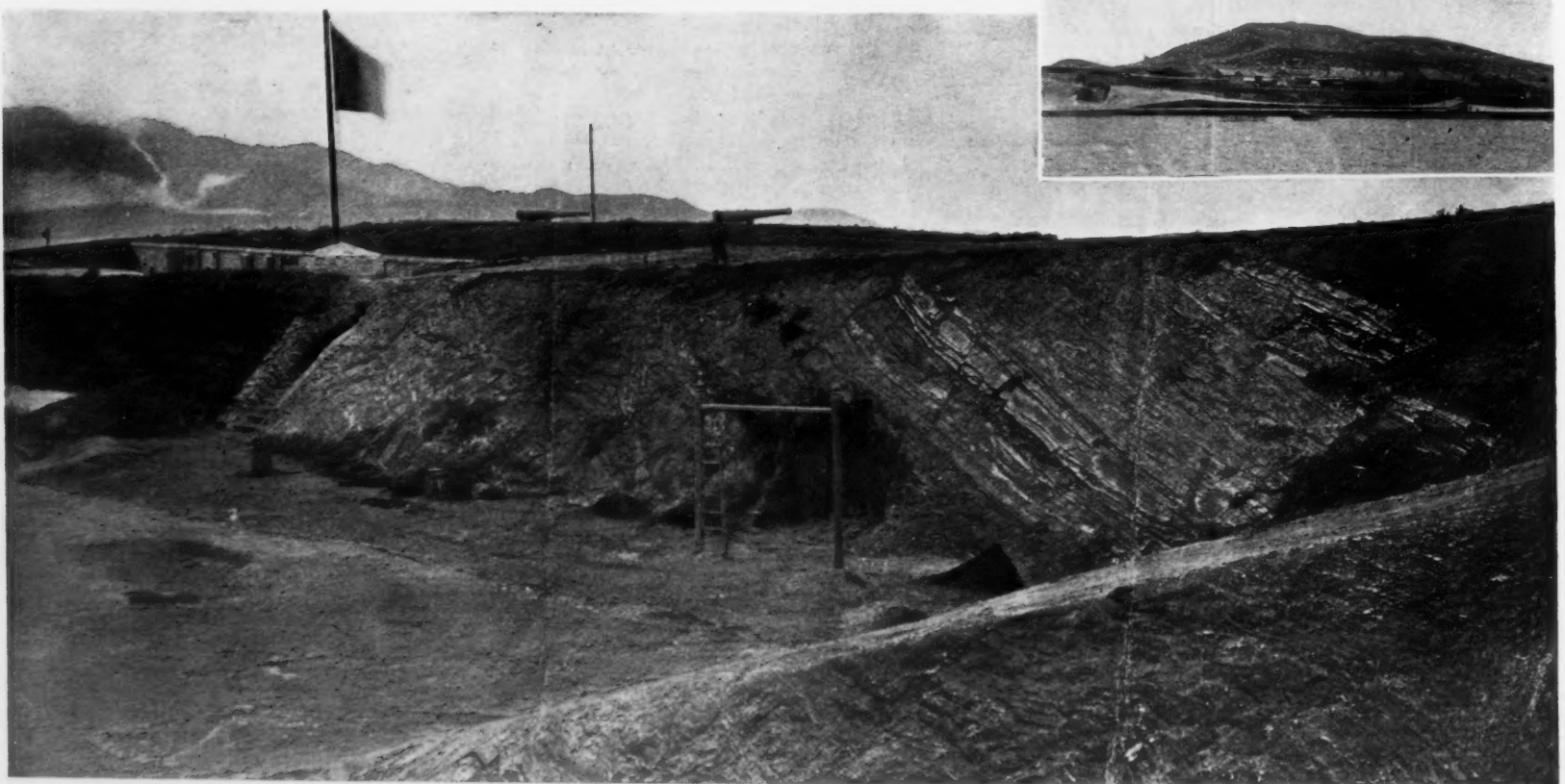
A BATTERY.



PRACTICE IN FIRING.

MODERNIZING THE CHINESE ARMY.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 253.]

NAVAL STATION AND RESIDENCE.



THE WEST FORT ON THE ISLAND.

THE DEFENSES OF WEI-HAI-WEI, THE CHINESE STRONGHOLD, RECENTLY CAPTURED BY THE JAPANESE.—[SEE PAGE 253.]



"Ah, ah! What does that portend? Two spoons."

A DINNER ENGAGEMENT.

A CLOSET PLAY IN TWO ACTS.—ACT I.

By MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

NANCY.
MAMMA.
PAPA.
HE (otherwise Mr. Albert).

WHITE GLOVES (the waiter).
KATY (Mrs. Dennis) } Appear
JOANNA (Mrs. Ernst) } Act II.

MENU.

Blue Points.	Terrapin.
Consommé.	Lettuce. Mayonnaise.
Roast Beef. Potatoes. Pease.	Ices. Cake. Coffee.

SCENE I.: Blue Points.



URTAİN rises on a brightly-lighted dining-room—the table set with four covers; candles, flowers, etc. At the foot of the table, on a silver standard, hangs a white tablet on which the menu is written.

MAMMA—At the head of the table, not unsuspecting.

PAPA—At the foot, unconscious as incorrigible.

NANCY—Pale and nervous at one side.

HE—Flushed and anxious at the other.

WHITE GLOVES—Passing the dishes

PAPA (opening his napkin)—"Take seats, folkses." That's what our mayor said when I dined with him *en famille*. So I suppose it's "the thing." (He lifts the menu and consults it.) Blue points, Nance; your favorites.

NANCY (weakly)—Yes, papa. (Aside.) How shall I get them down?

MAMMA (to her guest)—I am very glad my husband induced you to stay, Mr. Albert. I hope you won't have cause to be sorry. I can promise nothing to-day, for my cook is an experiment.

PAPA—Oh, I warned him it was pot-luck. If a man over-stays his own dinner-hour he must content himself with what he can get.

HE (glancing across the table)—What I can get is not usually what I most want. To-day I have been wonderfully fortunate.

NANCY (aside)—Why doesn't he look at papa when he talks to him? I won't look up.

(She glances involuntarily across the table, and trembles on the brink of meeting His eyes. Hers sink to her plate. She gazes with loathing at the plump delicacies stretched on their curved shells.)

PAPA—Why, Nance, you haven't begun yet.

NANCY (hurriedly squeezing out a soupçon of lemon)—Oh,

yes, I have, papa. (She plunges her tripod into an oyster and looks at it.) (Aside.) It can't pass the lump in my throat.

PAPA (offering his individual salt)—Salt, Albert! I have the bad taste to like it on my bivalves.

NANCY (aside, her oyster poised)—Albert—and passing his own salt. Papa suspects!

(She darts a look across the table, meets His eyes fully, blushes crimson, and buries herself in the waiting oyster.)

HE (taking the salt)—Thank you. I also am unorthodox on the salt question. (Aside, his eyes on NANCY.) Poor, frightened darling, if I could only make her look at me! Engaged at seven-thirty, and dining at seven-thirty-five! It's brutal.

SCENE II.: Consommé.

PAPA—There are no two ways about it; dinner is a night beauty. If it's served as on Sundays, in the middle of the day, man eats, but he doesn't dine! Sunday simply means to me a latish breakfast and dinner immediately afterward.

MAMMA (not severely)—I could suggest something you might more frequently insert between the two.

PAPA—Church? Why, I went to church last Sunday to hear your new parson. By the way, Albert, come hear him. I only yawned once during his sermon, and that was of habit. There's

always an empty seat in our pew—generally mine.

HE—You may find me abusing your hospitality.

PAPA—No; the only man who ever did that married my eldest daughter. That was a great impertinence. My boys I wanted married, not my girls. Women are too good for that kind of thing.

NANCY (*aside, with relief*)—He can't know or he wouldn't.

HE (*anxiously*)—Doesn't the kind of man they choose make some difference?

PAPA—Not a bit. Men are different, but all husbands are alike—the best too bad for the worst woman.

MAMMA (*hastily*)—My dear, did you know that the new clergyman is married?

NANCY (*aside*)—Mamma suspects! She's changing the conversation.

PAPA—Married? Why, he's a lad!

HE—That seems a clerical weakness. They no sooner get a gown than they want a petticoat.

PAPA (*laughing*)—Well, I'm glad he's married. There's nothing so dangerous as a clergyman—barring a widower. Nance is safe from him.

MAMMA (*her brow drawn slightly*)—Mr. Albert will surely gather that your own marriage venture is not satisfactory.

PAPA—He knows better than that. We began right, and if the beginning is all right it goes as easy as running water. For six months, though, I sat at the head of this table, carving off the dark meat I liked and passing it up there to my wife, she eating it, wanting the white meat I hated, but she wouldn't deprive me of it for the world! It took us half a year to get a little thing like that straight. I tell you, marriage is a lottery. Now we agree on everything but marrying our daughters. I say no man's good enough for them. She let our eldest slip away from us, and said to my very face this morning that the man who would invent a wash that would turn her back hair as gray as her front hair should have Nance.

MAMMA (*decidedly*)—My dear, what I jest over at breakfast is not for serving up at dinner.

HE (*turning to mamma*)—I fear your daughter's husband might turn your hair gray without a wash if he had the heart to—which I don't believe he would.

MAMMA (*graciously*)—If his heart is right his fate shall not hang on a hair when I am consulted.

NANCY (*aside, her spoon waving in her hand*)—She does know.

PAPA—There she goes again. What did I tell you? And here's Nancy, her eyes demurely down, drinking it in so busily she's forgetting to eat her consommé. You always promised to stay by me, didn't you, Nance?

NANCY (*breathlessly*)—I—I—

PAPA—What's that in your spoon, you little traitor?

NANCY (*looking up*)—Where, papa?

PAPA (*catching her wrist and drawing the hand and the spoon toward him*)—Here's the effect of her mother's teaching. The child's gazing at three macaroni letters, "U & I," twisted into a true-lover's-knot on the bottom of her spoon.

NANCY (*indignant*)—Papa, you know I never saw it.

MAMMA—Let the child alone, my dear.

NANCY (*plucking up spirit*)—It's not kind to be always teasing me. (*She turns to her plate with dignity and lifts the spoon to her lips.*)

PAPA—Upon my word, the child has swallowed her love-knot! One on my side, mamma. I tell you Nance is mine. She was born for an old maid. There, my dear, you needn't frown down the table at me; I'll stop. I made a mistake, Nance. You were born for an old man. You stick by him, dear. You'll find nobody half so good to you as your old father. (*Holds out his hand and takes NANCY's into it.*)

HE (*aside, trying to see the menu*)—How many more courses of this! She'll faint if I speak to her, and they'll notice it if I don't.

SCENE III.: Roast Beef—Potatoes—Pease.

NANCY (*aside, glancing toward the side-board, where WHITE GLOVES is carving*)—I told mamma that man wore his gloves like gauntlets. He's taking hours to carve the beef.

PAPA—Now I want all of you to pass judgment on these potatoes. I had them sent up from the farm. Nance doesn't believe in my farming. She called my last potato crop "The Early Rot."

HE (*aside*)—I must speak to her. (*Aloud, leaning forward across the table.*) Are you a judge of potatoes? Then you must have noticed what fine ones we have been getting all this winter.

NANCY (*aside*)—Suppose my voice breaks? (*Aloud, in a high voice, and feverishly interested.*) Yes; and have you noticed what a fine apple year we're having? Papa, is it going to

be a good peach season this summer? (*Aside.*) I must look as green as those pease.

PAPA (*glancing up inquiringly*)—Eh! what do you know about peach seasons? If I could answer posers like that I'd just hang out my sign—"An Answerer"—and make my fortune working only two hours a week. I wish I had owned that gift. When I began life, Albert, I tell you it would have spared me some anxious hours. There was one time, when the children were all young, that I had ten mouths eating against my little earnings, and I could just keep ahead of them. Some days I thought they would surely catch me, but they never did. I came out just ahead always—beat them badly in the end. There's nothing like making up your mind to have a thing, whether it's a woman or a fortune. They are both like nettles; grasp them firmly and you've got them—once loosen your grasp and you haven't.

HE (*aside*)—Don't I know it? Hang dining!

PAPA—Nancy, child, you're eating nothing.

NANCY (*one pea on her fork*)—Why, yes, I am, papa. I'm eating a great deal. (*Aside, with a covert glance.*) If He won't take his eyes off me I shall fall into them or scream.

MAMMA—Nancy eats enough. Women only eat as a diversion, anyway.

PAPA—Men don't. They make a business of it. Through grief or joy, we eat like clockwork, Albert, don't we?

HE—I fear we do. (*Aside.*) Brute that I am, that *filet* tempted me. I hope she didn't see my plate.

NANCY (*aside*)—He's been eating as if nothing had happened; how can he?

MAMMA (*quickly*)—I like to sit opposite a hungry man at table. It gives me appetite.

PAPA—There's a model wife. The woman who can sit opposite a man year in and year out, watching him eat three times a day, and not come to loathe him has a good heart. Remember that before you vow to *cis-a-vis* any man's appetite, Nance.

NANCY (*aside*)—Three times a day is twenty-one times a week. (*Aloud, resolutely.*) Papa, will you hand me the menu?

MAMMA—Yes, I do like to see a man relish his meals. I am sure, my dear, you never found me complaining because your voice had a more tender inflection as you recalled a particular broil than when speaking of me.

PAPA—Come, come; that's a libel.

NANCY (*aside, still studying the menu*)—Three more courses to live through! Twenty-one times a week is eighty-four times a month! Why didn't somebody tell me how bad it all was? (*Aloud.*) Oh, no more, papa, thank you.

HE (*aside*)—I can feel her slipping away from me. I must do something to hold her.

SCENE IV.: Terrapin.

PAPA—Now, I don't know what your experience has been, but I think no one can cook terrapin properly who is born away from tide-water. My wife was born in sound of the waves and always seasons this dish herself to perfection. The first live terrapin I ever saw she introduced to me. You remember, my dear.

MAMMA—I remember how credulous you were. One of the terrapin panned up in the kitchen got loose and came scratching along the hall. My husband, Mr. Albert—he wasn't that then, you know—asked me if terrapin ran about like chickens in that way, and I told him yes. We just picked up one and cooked it when we wanted a dish. He entirely believed me.

PAPA—What won't a man believe when he's in love? Anything a woman tells him except that she doesn't love him.

HE (*aside*)—My chance now or never. (*Aloud.*) Yes, a man's slow to believe that. I once knew a man who was told by a woman seventeen times that she didn't love him. After that he lost tally, but not hope.

PAPA (*interestedly*)—What came of it?

HE (*slowly*)—In the end she said yes, but circumstances separated them the very moment after she yielded and kept them apart. I never felt so sorry for any man in my life as for him. It was bitterly hard.

PAPA—Cup dashed from his lips, eh?

HE (*slowly*)—I trust only withheld. Everything seems combining to drag them apart, but she will stand steady, I think. He has waited and hoped so long.

PAPA—I like stories to end in that way, except for my daughters. When I read a book I want every Jack standing up with his Jill on the last page.

NANCY (*aside, her eyes wandering*)—The terrapin being carried out. I wish I were a terrapin.

HE (*aside, desperately*)—I don't believe she heard a word I said.

SCENE V.: Lettuce—Mayonnaise.

PAPA—Why, what's the matter, my dear? Aren't we to have the salad?

MAMMA (*motioning the dish back from whence it came*)—You must not too closely inquire into a housekeeper's motives. Mayonnaise is a treacherous dressing.

NANCY (*aside*)—It stood alone. I saw it. Oh, mamma knows all!

HE (*aside*)—Bless eggs and oil! One course less and the goal in sight.

SCENE VI.: Ices—Cake.

PAPA (*settling himself in his chair*)—Now I like dinner-parties, but they are such a lottery. Whenever I go out to a dinner and see the people sitting around in the drawing-room, I am reminded of the marriage ceremony. Luck in the shape of the hostess allots you to some one and you take her. At the time it seems almost as important as marriage. There you have to sit, pleased or sorry, for a space of time, bound together, and the man who seeks surcease from sorrow in his neighbor is in as bad form as a married flirt. I tell you I regard dinner and marriages as about equally ticklish. With either it may be single blessedness when compared to a double cussedness. Are you cold, Nancy? My dear, you'd better have that door shut at the end of the room. The child's teeth are chattering.

NANCY—It's the ice cream, papa.

HE (*aside*)—It's reaction. How far will it carry her?

MAMMA—Nancy has had no exercise to-day. She always shows it.

PAPA—Now in my time it wasn't like that. Nobody thought anything of exercise then. But to-day, unless our daughters come in from tennis or fencing or something, guttering like candles, we aren't satisfied. You are shivering, Nancy. Here comes the coffee; that will warm you.

SCENE VII.: Coffee.

HE (*aside*)—This can't go on. (*Aloud, leaning across the table.*)—You do seem cold. The drawing-room was very much warmer. You felt the change. (*He glances toward the head of the table.*)

MAMMA (*promptly*)—Then take your coffee to the drawing-room, Nancy. Perhaps Mr. Albert will join you. This room is never quite so warm.

PAPA—Eh!

MAMMA (*quickly*)—It is not, my dear.

NANCY (*as quickly*)—I am not cold at all, mamma; not in the least, I assure you, I assure you, mamma.

MAMMA (*firmly*)—I will have no risks, Nancy. PAPA—Don't make your mother nervous, my child.

HE (*rising*)—May I carry your cup?

NANCY (*hunted to her feet*)—I have it, thank you.

PAPA (*gazing with exaggerated anxiety at the cup and saucer she lifts in her hand*)—Take care there, Nancy; take care, my dear little girl! Your saucer's too full for your poor old father's peace.

NANCY (*looking down at her cup*)—What is it, papa?

PAPA (*pointing to a teaspoon lying in the saucer, a second spoon stands in the cup*)—Two spoons! Ah, ah! What does that portend? Two spoons.

NANCY (*speaking hesitatingly*)—Papa—

HE (*aside*)—Is she going to confess? (*As she still stands looking down, he bends toward her eagerly.*) NANCY, glancing up into his eyes, turns from him to look first at her mother, then at her father. She takes a step forward, facing the three.)

NANCY (*clearly and with meaning*)—You need not be afraid, papa. You may have the second spoon, and keep it and me always. (*She holds the spoon toward him.*) I made a mistake, that was all. You see I undo it with my first chance.

PAPA (*catching her hand and arm and drawing her down to him*)—There's my own daughter.

MAMMA (*sharply*)—Your endearments are periling my cup. Be careful, Nancy.

NANCY (*with a note of defiance, setting the cup on the table to lay her arm about her father's neck*)—Your own daughter, and always only your daughter, papa.

HE (*half aloud, advancing a step toward her*)—Nancy! (*Aside—turning away.*) She means each word of it.

MAMMA (*rising to the rescue*)—Papa's daughter only! Mr. Albert, as I am left out in the cold, will you take me and my coffee to the warm drawing-room? (*She accepts her guest's offered arm and they move to the door.*)

HE (*opening the door and turning to look back once more at NANCY standing close by her father's side*)—Farewell. (*He goes out with mamma and the door closes.*)

NANCY (*throwing herself on her knees by her father and hiding her face on his shoulder*)—Oh, papa, be good to me! I think—yes, I do think I love you best.

PAPA—There, there, my dear, of course you do. Your mother's not really jealous.

NANCY (*still on her knees looking up into his face*)—Oh, my dearest, best, blindest papa!

CURTAIN.

(*To be concluded.*)

Bismarck in the Wilhelm Strasse.—I.

BY GEORGE W. HINMAN, PH.D.

BISMARCK found Prussia the step-child of Europe. Bearing all the burdens of a great Power, she had none of its privileges. Her business was everybody's business. Her every effort to get elbow-room in central Europe was punished with sharp calls to order from Russia on the east and France on the west. In the loose union of German states represented in the Frankfort Diet her position was still more humiliating. Big, jealous Austria, supported by all the second-class kingdoms and third-class dukedoms, had made her the handmaid of the German people. If invasion were to be repelled, Prussia must bear the brunt of the conflict. If the people of any state revolted against the tyranny of princes, Prussia must shed her blood to crush them. She was forced to bear the odium of a despot at home, while Austria assumed the conqueror's glory abroad. If, after spending her blood and her treasure for the common cause, she ventured a modest request in the Frankfort Diet, she was rewarded with a snub from Austria, and, if that did not suffice, with a blunt refusal.

The same obstacles lay in the way of a united Germany. All the European great Powers, not excepting Austria, were against it. They all proclaimed, in the words of the French statesman, Thiers: "Never must Germany succeed in reaching political unity. Its dismemberment is an old principle of Europe's international relations."

For half a century loyal and able Germans had tried in vain to unite Germany by peaceful means. Not only the poets and philosophers who were famous when Bismarck lay in the cradle had striven to this end, but also statesmen like the Gagners, Dahlmann, and Riesser—great names in their day, but now hardly more than a shadow in their own homes. They all failed. Even Prussia's repeated efforts to form a closer union of the small North German States were frustrated.

These were the conditions confronting Bismarck when he resolved that Prussia should have her rights and Germany should be united. They left him no choice of policy. "Blood and iron!" "Fire and the sword!" "We desire peace, but shall not hesitate at war!" In this sign he came, and in this sign he conquered, where the German statesmen of half a century had suffered defeat.

Prussia was friendless in Europe, and Bismarck was friendless in Germany. Even the Prussian Parliament refused to help him. He was called by King William to fight the battle alone. He strode into the Wilhelm Strasse, booted and spurred, ready to accept the first challenge to defend Prussia's rights. To Austria, warning him to keep his hands off Schleswig-Holstein, he said: "We prefer a reconciliation, but shall not shrink from a conflict."

When Napoleon's ambassador said France must have the left bank of the Rhine or declare war, Bismarck replied: "Very well, then; let it be war."

When half the Powers of Europe were protesting against the bombardment of Paris he told them plainly that Germany would fight the war to the end, and France could not escape the fortune of the vanquished.

Englishmen whom he snubbed and Frenchmen whom he outwitted have filled the world with stories of his duplicity and brutality. They have painted him as wantonly false and aggressive, at one time trampling all diplomatic etiquette under foot, and at another piling falsehood on deceit to mislead his antagonists. Both views are incorrect. Bismarck did not wear his policy on his sleeve. He had a gift of unfathomable reserve that he used whenever he thought the time had not come to speak. When pressed into a corner, however, he gave almost invariably a frank answer, as when he told Austria and France in their impurity that if they sought war they might have it. "I have not lied more than four or five times in my diplomatic career," said Bismarck to Crispien in Friedrichsruhe, "and I always disliked the men who forced me to do it." In his intercourse with foreign ambassadors and ministers Bismarck was the politest man that ever made a war or stole a province. All his state dispatches are models of diplomatic form. While the Austrian statesmen in 1865 loaded their dispatches with reproaches and charges of bad faith, Bismarck deviated but once from his historical arguments, and then to remark courteously that Count Mensdorff's communications had assumed such a tone as usually preceded a declaration of war.

The singleness of Bismarck's purpose in foreign affairs was plain to all who would see; after Prussia got her rights and the empire was built round her. "We have no desire for conquest," he declared. "We have nothing to win. We are content with what we have." With

Germany united he was as anxious to keep the peace as he once had been to draw the sword.

Bismarck has strong passions and prejudices, but in international politics he kept both well subdued. He had no "unspeakable Frenchman" as Gladstone had his "unspeakable Turk." He would strike an alliance as willingly with one Power as another if Germany's interests would be equally well protected in each case. "Diplomacy is not Nemesis," were his words in the Reichstag. As Prussia's envoy to the Frankfurt Diet he had been patronized, rebuffed, and overridden by the Austrians. Throughout the negotiations preceding the war of 1866 he had been treated with the galling haughtiness that Austria affected toward inferior states. Yet when he saw the Prussian army camped within sight of the Austrian capital he begged the King not to humiliate Austria by entering the city, and not to impose upon her hard conditions of peace. He wished to avoid everything that might embitter Austria. In her he saw Germany's natural ally of the future, and to win her he forgot and forgave gladly the provocation of years. Italy entered the war of 1866 as Prussia's ally, and came out with Venice as the spoils of Prussian victories. In 1869 and 1870 she was ready to join France in crushing the ally of 1866, and but for the swift succession of French defeats would have had an army in the North fighting with the Austrians and the French to humble the Germans. Bismarck accepted the facts without wasting time or words on a single reproach, and a few years later he sealed with both countries the close bonds of the Triple Alliance.

Philanthropy had no more part in Bismarck's foreign policy than revenge. The cruelty of the Turk or the oppression of the Greek did not rouse his anger. He never sympathized with the storms of indignation which swept the English Cabinet at the mention of atrocities. His soul was not stirred by the stories of massacre in Bulgaria. The massacres were deplorable in his eyes, but chiefly because they upset diplomatic calculation; otherwise the whole slaughter was less considered by him than the bones of his famous Pomeranian grenadier.

In Germany's diplomatic and consular service Bismarck's policy was a car of Juggernaut. Its course was marked with defeated ambitions, ruined reputations, and blasted careers. Arnim, Werther, Goltz, consuls, councillors, and attaches were sacrificed without hesitation or ceremony. No man, however loyal, was allowed to stand if Bismarck thought Germany would gain by his fall. Stern, reticent, distrustful, with his plans stretching into the far future and with his nervous intolerance of all who crossed them, he kept his agents at foreign courts constantly trembling between fear and anger. Bungling was in his eyes a high crime, but disobedience was the unpardonable sin. "My ambassadors must wheel about at command like non-commissioned officers," he said, "without knowing why." One day Dr. Rosen, his consul-general in Belgrade, was ordered by telegraph from the Wilhelm Strasse to resign. The order was thunder from a clear sky, as Rosen had not had the slightest difference with the chancellor. He took the first express train for Berlin, hurried to the chancellery, and explained to the under-secretary his innocence of any official offense.

"It is all a mistake—I will tell the chancellor," replied the secretary, hastily bundling Rosen out of sight; "but for God's sake go back. If he sees you here he will discharge you for leaving your post without permission."

Bismarck did not hesitate to go even to the steps of the throne for sacrifices. Count Harry von Arnim was the Empress Augusta's favorite and the court party's candidate for the chancellorship. As ambassador to France he ignored Bismarck's instructions. The Emperor was influenced at first by the Empress to keep him at his post, but the day of reckoning came when the ambassador found he must go to the Wilhelm Strasse to make his peace. He went, sick, trembling, and humiliated, but he found no mercy. He had committed the unpardonable sin. Napoleon's denunciations of Talleyrand could not have been more violent than the reproaches that Bismarck let loose upon Arnim.

"You have persecuted me," he shouted at the trembling ambassador. "For eight months—yes, for a year—you have robbed me of my rest and have tried to ruin my health. You conspire with the Empress against me, and you will never be satisfied until you sit here, at this table where I sit, and see that this, too, amounts to nothing. I know you from your boyhood. You said years ago that you regarded every official superior as your natural enemy. At this moment I am that official superior and that enemy."

A year later Bismarck had hunted Arnim from the diplomatic service, and two years later had driven him from Germany to die in exile.

This great-hearted and whole-souled man, who wept in feudal loyalty at his old Emperor's tomb, who has clung to his religion and home

with childlike faith and love, who nursed the sick birds in his garden and would not beat his dog, had no mercy on the unfaithful servant. He crushed him without pity and without regret.

Modernizing the Chinese Army.

MY first experience with the Chinese army was one spring morning when the Titai, or generalissimo of the district, made an official call on my husband, who was at that time the consul of both the United States and France. Women are not allowed to be present at such events, but I took advantage of my prerogative and installed myself in the clerk's office, which commanded the court-yard and the road beyond. I had seen soldiers in many parts of the world, and sat at the window expecting to see the soldiers of the Titai swing around the road in four files front and in mathematical order. But nothing of the kind occurred. I heard the music approaching and then it came in sight. It consisted of a stalwart coolie with a huge pair of brass cymbals, and a second who pounded an immense bass gong. Behind this simple band came a company of soldiers—what the Chinese call "braves" and "bannermen." And such soldiers! The only military thing about them was a red cloak, on whose front and back were white targets inscribed with tea-chest characters. Some of them carried red cylindrical umbrellas, others flags of various shapes, sizes, and colors; still others vermillion wooden boards on which were written the titles and honors of the Titai; a fourth set, remarkable weapons of all kinds. The weapons were echoes of antiquity. There were sword-blades fastened at the ends of poles, halberds and spears. There were Queen Anne muskets and rusty Springfield rifles. And there was not a single modern gun, revolver, sabre, or other accoutrement in the entire lot. At other places I saw many more specimens of the imperial army, and nearly all were equipped in the same pathetically ludicrous manner.

But there were exceptions to the rule. Wherever the progressive policy of Li Hung Chang and his lieutenants had been able to overcome the corruption and conservatism of the mandarins, there were troops armed and trained in excellent modern style. But the places where this was the case were not many, and the troops were few. At Tamsin was a regiment, at Amoy a company, at Canton a brigade, at Foo-Chow a battalion, and at Swatow a corporal's guard. Only at Tien-Tsin was there a decent number, and it consisted of the army body-guard which Li Hung Chang keeps as much for defense against his many personal enemies as for any public or patriotic purpose.

It was interesting to watch the raw recruits broken in. They were drawn from the coolie class, and at first were extremely awkward and stupid. But they possessed the national virtues of patience, perseverance, and endurance. Greater than these was their wonderful capacity for imitation. They learned more slowly than do our people, but anything once learned was never forgotten. They were slowest of all in mastering firearms. Even after they had perfected themselves in the manual of arms they were lamentable marksmen. They did not have much opportunity to improve their shooting, as powder and cartridges are a favorite booty for their dishonest officers. If the central government allows a hundred rounds of ammunition a man, the officials pocket ninety-five. I talked with one soldier who had served three years, and who told me that he had never fired his rifle. A glance at the weapon confirmed his tale—it had no trigger. Another soldier, a sentry at the fort in Swatow, carried a Springfield musket so old and so worn from constant cleaning that the metal had become a mere film at points along the barrel.

They have a hard time drilling. Their language, admirable for refined conversation or for trade, is poorly suited for martial purposes. Each word is marked by an accent. If it be given with another accent it is a different word. In shouting a command there is difficulty in using any accent whatever, in which case the order may lose all meaning. A second difficulty is in learning new styles of walking. Chinese roads and streets are so narrow that the people always walk in single file. In the native style of drilling a march is conducted on a go-as-you-please basis. It takes a long time for John to overcome the habits of a lifetime and to walk in time and abreast of others. In June, 1894, when a riot was apprehended in Canton, the viceroy ordered out a battalion to protect the foreign settlement in that city. The soldiers arrived several hours late, and then straggled in by ones and twos, like children going to school. The native officers know nothing of civilized tactics, and follow out the traditions of their race. As a necessary consequence the troops only do well when under foreign command; when they are transferred from this to

native command they soon become careless and slovenly, winding up by losing nearly all discipline. When thoroughly drilled by Europeans they make capital soldiers. They march and move with automatic regularity, and make what the Germans term a fine "war-machine." They are very abstemious in both eating and drinking. Their pay is about two dollars a month—when they can get it. Under an upright administration they would be a formidable power; under the present system they are merely food for powder.

MARGHERITA A. HAMM.



MISS MAUD POWELL.

Wei-Hai-Wei.

NEXT to Port Arthur, Wei-Hai-Wei is the most important military station and fortification in North China. It was first a naval station, and afterward a fortification. As a naval station for training young men the place selected was in every way suitable. It was away from the rush of a busy city like Tien-Tsin, and amid the wild scenery and under the blue skies, with the pure, bracing air of eastern Shantung. The station itself was built on a little island some two miles long and half a mile wide, lying outside the native village of Wei-Hai-Wei. Here the school buildings, the residences for the foreign instructors, and the work-shop have been built, looking forth on the quiet harbor between the island and the main land.

Most of the instructors have been English, though a great deal of the influence, especially in the equipment of the fortifications, has been German. Lieutenant Souchier, of the English Royal Navy, has been the highest in rank, and has had charge of the gunnery department for over ten years. An American graduate of Annapolis, Philo McGiffen, has been teacher of navigation for cadets also for the last ten years. As he offered his services for active participation in the war, he was given the rank of commander.

Since 1887 Wei-Hai-Wei has been set apart as a place of defense. Its forts were built by Captain von Hanneken, the same man who built those at Port Arthur. Another German, Mr. Schnell, who has been in the Chinese service during a period of twenty-five years, has acted as agent for Krupp, and hence most of the guns in the forts are Krupp guns.

There are three forts situated on the island, and three on the main land, while on the high, rugged hills of the island have been placed six batteries with quick-firing guns. In one of the island forts commanding the western entrance, placed on a revolving plane, are two twenty-five-ton Armstrong guns of nine points. The other forts are supplied with Krupp guns of either twenty-one or fifteen centimetres, and either four or three in each. They are so situated as to command either entrance.

At the time of the Japanese assault on the place the northern squadron of the Chinese fleet lay in the harbor, between the island and the main land. Its surrender after the capture of the stronghold by a combined assault of the land and naval forces of the Japanese is now matter of history. There can be no doubt that this great disaster to the Chinese arms will greatly deepen the alarm here in Peking, and hasten the movements in the direction of permanent peace.

GILBERT REID.

PEKING, March 1st.

How I Came to Know Maud Powell.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago a girl who played the violin was a curiosity and a wonder—she was probably laughed at a good deal, too. But now there are in this country very many earnest, ambitious students of the violin among the girls; and there are still other students who have realized at least a part of their ambition and have become excellent players—and there is one who has become great; whose name ranks with the names of the world's greatest artists—Maud Powell. Not one of all the women can approach her, for she plays with the breadth and vigor and fiery abandon usually ascribed to a man; her tone is powerful and very warm, and her technique ample to meet all demands made upon it. She has won for herself a most enviable reputation, not only in the New World, but in the Old as well.

Personally she is very lovely indeed, being dark and of medium stature. Let me tell a little story which shows very clearly what sort of a woman she is.

To begin with, I am a girl and a violin-student. Several years ago I was living in a town in the far South, spending all my days in "fiddling"—to tell the truth, I was music-mad. I determined to come to New York and study with the best teacher to be found. Then came the question, Who is the best teacher? It was certainly not to be answered in my town, so I took a leap in the dark. I sailed for New York, trusting to be guided by some good Samaritan of the North to the one musician of all others whom I sought. The day after I arrived there came to me an

inspiration—I would call up all my courage and go to Maud Powell; she would know. . . . I asked for her address—found the house, rang the bell. The door was opened by a colored servant, the sight of a familiar-looking dusky visage comforting for the moment my homesick heart. He said that Miss Powell was at home, and took my card to her while I sat waiting in rather an excited state of mind. Would she see me, or would she say "Not at home"? Presently she came into the room, holding my card in one hand, and extending the other to me she said:

"Miss B—, I am glad to meet you; can I do anything for you?" Her pleasant words and beautiful manner put me at my ease, and I plunged at once into my tale of ambition and present woe. She listened most sympathetically, asked interested questions about my studies and myself, and gave me some excellent advice, both musical and otherwise. As for a teacher, she advised a person who has not only a great reputation as a musician, but a great heart as well. I am very proud of being his pupil.

Miss Powell kept me nearly an hour, I gazing at her the entire time with profoundest admiration. . . . I found myself thinking that the loveliest eyes in the world are dark and soft, with a look of thought in them, like hers; and that ears that stand out a little from the head and have that clear, healthy tinge of red (like fingers when closed together and held up against the light) are much to be desired.

At parting she shook hands very cordially with me and assured me twice that she thought me a "plucky girl"—which encouraging remark went far toward helping me to "keep a stiff upper lip."

Of course, being a hero-worshiper, I was desperately in love with her, and wished with all my heart to go to see her again; but I could not think of presuming on the kindness she had already shown me, so I kept away and adored her from afar.

But one night about six weeks later, after a concert at Chickering Hall, I was waiting with some girl friends just outside the door to let the crowd pass, when I heard some one in front of me say:

"Why, how are you? Where did you go?" and looking up, I saw my idol.

"Oh, Miss Powell!" I exclaimed. "I went to Mr. —"

"All right; you must come and tell me all about it." And I have been again and again, and think I may say, without undue conceit, that we are friends.

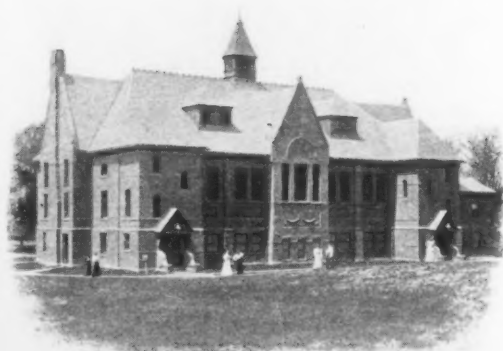
America's great violinist is indeed a splendid woman. Perhaps that is one reason why she is such a fine artist! IDA JEANIE BENSON.



WASHBURN HOUSE.



WALLACE HOUSE.



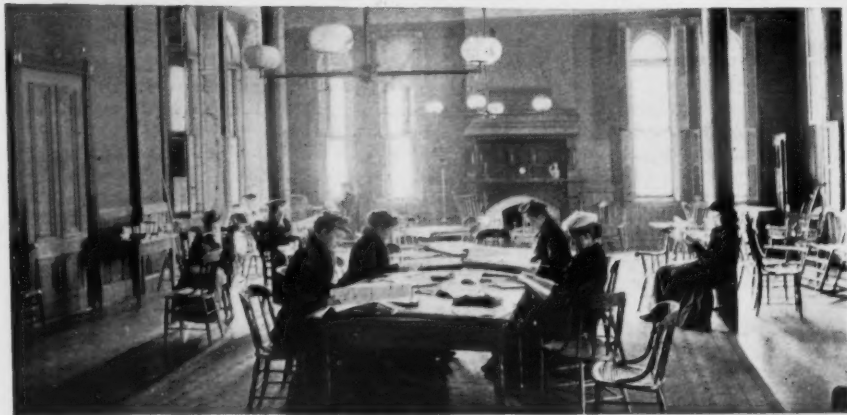
THE GYMNASIUM.



AT WORK IN THE ART GALLERY.



MUSIC AND COLLEGE HALLS.



THE LIBRARY.



THE CHAPEL.



W. H. CRANE AS "BUCHANAN BILLINGS," THE "WIFE'S FATHER."



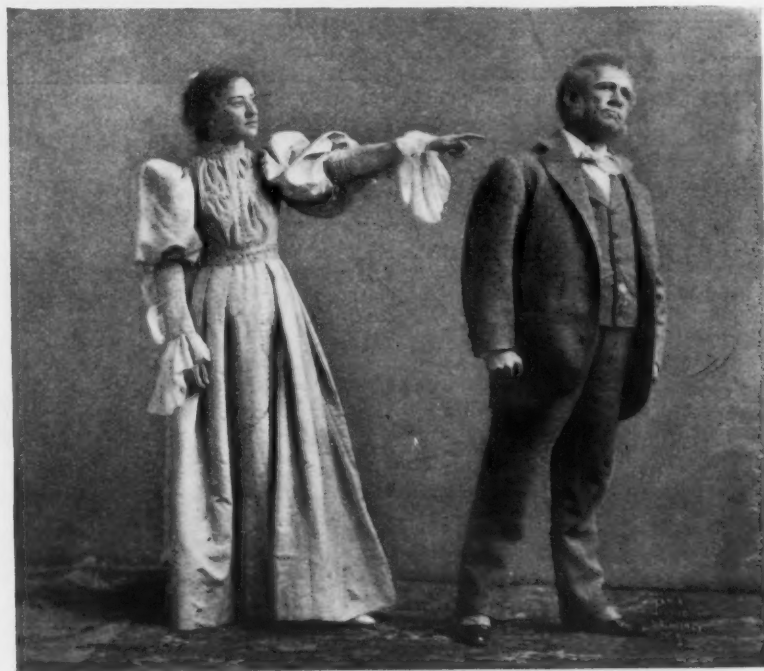
"THAT PAPER PROVIDES FOR YOU."—ACT IV.



"MR. AND MRS. FRANK HAMILTON" (MR. JOHNSON AND MISS O'NEILL) AND THE "WIFE'S FATHER."—ACT II.



"AUNT ELIZA" AND "BILLINGS."



FATHER AND DAUGHTER, ACT III.—"YOU ARE THE CAUSE."

W. H. CRANE AND HIS COMPANY IN "HIS WIFE'S FATHER," AT THE FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, NEW YORK.
FROM COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPHS BY PRINCE.—[SEE PAGE 256.]

OUR COLLEGES FOR WOMEN.

V. A GLIMPSE OF SMITH COLLEGE.

UNLIKE her sister colleges, Wellesley, Holyoke, Vassar, and Bryn Mawr, Smith College is located in the heart of a city—a very small and provincial city, it is true, but nevertheless a city, as population counts. Instead of ample grounds and flowery fields, the Smith student who is so fortunate as to have a room in one of the college dormitories is surrounded by broad streets, with lamp-posts, letter-boxes, electric cars, and other evidences of an advanced civilization. There is a little row of shops from which to choose when she would gratify her desire for the traditionally feminine amusement to be found in shops. Churches of various denominations are close at hand, and two liberally-endowed libraries.

Proximity between town and gown has its advantages and its disadvantages, but in this instance the college had no room for choice, since its location in the heart of Northampton, Massachusetts, was selected by its wise founder and benefactor, Miss Sophia Smith, of Hatfield. To a far greater extent than in the other large colleges for women in this country, the life of the college mingles with that of the town. More than one-half of the students live outside the college grounds, either from preference or necessity, and it happens not infrequently that a Smith senior, or sometimes even an underclassman, accepts a life position in a Northampton home, regardless of the scholastic degree, the original goal of her ambition.

Smith College was the first to adopt the cottage plan for housing students. Hitherto the comprehensive dormitory system had prevailed in institutions of the sort, but in order to preserve for the college girl as much as possible of the sentiment of home life, handsome houses called cottages were built, and each of these accommodates from forty to eighty students. With the exception of the Dewey house, a fine old colonial residence which some good man built here once upon a time, long before Miss Sophia Smith had thought of a college for women, the cottages are all new, and all are handsome, with tasteful modern furnishings. Hubbard and Hatfield are among the elder houses of the group of eight, while Morris and Lawrence are sister cottages, and were the finest until the ninth elegant structure was completed; and so numerous are the applications for admission that an addition to Hatfield is talked of. The choice of rooms in the cottages belongs to the classes in order of grade.

The little campus looks with evident disfavor on these encroachments upon its limited space, but as the years go on and each sees so great an increase in numbers, the necessity for greater provision becomes imperative.

Each cottage has its own dining-room, kitchen, and parlor, and a certain pleasant community of interest. Each has its own dramatic club—for Smith is devoted to dramatics—and each shares in the social duties of the college.

Each cottage has its own house-mother, the lady in charge, combining the functions suggested by her title, having her own dainty parlor opposite the general reception-room, and she is ready to counsel or warn the young collegian who is, perhaps, leaving the home nest for the first time. The lady's position is an honored one, and education, refinement, kindness, tact, and familiarity with the usages of good society are some of the requirements of her position.

In certain other respects Smith is unlike her sister colleges. At Bryn Mawr academic studies only are offered; at Vassar candidates for admission to the schools of music and of art enter by the same examination doors as the students seeking a degree for academic studies; but at Smith the schools of music and art are somewhat apart, and admit to their privileges those who do not choose to pursue collegiate studies but prefer the less severe branches, and are not required to pass the examination tests necessary to the student of the regular course.

Again, Smith admits to her faculty both men and women, though she does not dignify the latter with the title of professor, even when she fills a position at the head of a department as responsible and onerous as those held by men who are called professors. With seven hundred and forty-six students enrolled the past year, there has been a teaching force of thirty-six, ten of whom are men, beside a half-dozen non-resident lecturers, also men. The numerical proportion between students and teachers is less favorable than at most of the large colleges for women.

College life centres around the handsome college hall, which faces the main street of Northampton from a slight elevation and looks off toward the beautiful purple range of Holyoke Mountains.

A fine large pipe organ in the assembly hall

summons the collegians to morning prayers, and from Wallace and Washburne, from Hatfield and Dewey, from the Stoddard house, from up Elm Street, and from down in the town, a brave little audience of eight hundred gathers. The rich chant to the sweet tones of the organ, the responsive reading and words of prayer, are pleasant preparation for the intellectual conflict of the day.

Prayers over, the students flock to the recitation-rooms, nearly all of which are most sensibly and conveniently located in the central college hall, or else in the Lilly building, or the music hall close at hand. Or, perhaps, friendly groups linger for a moment at the post-office in the lower hall, or gather around the bulletin-boards, where all sorts of wants are made known, from a steamer-chair to a waste-basket; and notices of articles lost and found, engagements for the day, notes for friends, all conveniently arranged on special boards for the different classes and for the faculty, are eagerly consulted. Then we are off and away for the serious work of the hour.

Smith offers three paths to the degree scholastic: the scientific, the literary, and the classical, with special work for graduate students. Scientific students reap the advantages of the Lilly hall of science, with its chemical, physical, and biological laboratories, and also of several valuable collections and special instruments in other institutions of learning in the surrounding towns. A fine botanical garden has been planned by the Olmsteads, and a generous supply of seeds and shrubs is already in the ground to fulfill the purpose of the designer. An astronomical observatory with good equipment should be mentioned in connection with the scientific department.

The literary course at Smith College is especially strong and well-officered, and the classical had its special day of glory when the "Electra" of Sophocles was presented, three years ago, with costumes, music, and other accessories developed within the circles of student and faculty.

Physical culture at Smith is under the supervision of competent instructors, and the new gymnasium, the gift of alumni, is in every way beautiful and adapted for its purpose. The spacious practice-room is easily transformed into a theatre, or serves for a dancing-party or reception. There is a fine swimming-pool, and abundant appliances are provided for light and heavy gymnastics. But the Smith student, like her college sisters elsewhere, is strongly in favor of out-of-door athletics, and is more than willing to discard dumb-bells and wands and Indian clubs in favor of long walks across country to the Holyoke Mountains or to Amherst; or for ball and racket on the beautiful tennis-court under the trees, as soon as the weather permits;—for tennis holds a place in the hearts of Smith College girls second only to dramatics. As she lives in a cottage her chances for pure air and for freedom from the excitements of large numbers under one roof are excellent; and as she has no wearisome stairs or remote recitation-halls to tax her strength when she is indisposed, she is generally a very healthy and a very happy girl. "Mountain Day" finds her quite equal to a prolonged pedestrian tour, and by a recent purchase of the new athletic society, members have the privilege of testing their strength in rowing on a smooth bit of that fierce little Mill River which made itself famous by a flood, not many years ago. But in its haunts among the foliage of that wooded region known as "Paradise," in the rear of the college grounds, the river shows no disposition to repeat its dangerous ebullition.

The Smith girl is a rarely good tennis-player. Her tennis-court, out beyond the campus, has the same inviting glimpses of picturesque mountain-tops which fill out a beautiful landscape view from all parts of the grounds. Class spirit rises high when a tennis tournament is on; the faculty wear colors of their favorite classes; matrons come from the various houses to watch the fortunes of their particular charges; enthusiastic brothers and friends are proudly escorted to seats under the apple-trees, and the game is called in the presence of an audience so intelligent in tennis matters, and so thoroughly appreciative of good playing, that lofty ambitions are at once awakened in the hearts of contestants.

But dramatics are the life and soul of the Smith College girl's recreation. She displays much literary and executive ability in her adaptation of means to end, and prepares a libretto, transforms the pretty gymnasium stage, and evokes all sorts of properties in a most ingenious manner. The senior class presented a dramatization of "Passe Rose" at the

last commencement, and so great is the fame of the Smith College dramatics that two productions were given in the new opera-house of Northampton.

The Biological Society is fond of giving jolly spreads to members and friends, and serving up quaint pantomimes in which paste-board crustaceae and marvelous pre-historic animals harrow up the emotions of the non-scientific guest.

Among the diversions of the last term of senior year is the "senior auction." On the bulletin-board one reads, some day, a note like this: "Take Notice: Grand Sale of Senior Effects at No. 60, Hatfield, at Seven P. M. Come all! This means you!" The notice generally brings a crowd to the room of some senior group, and a bright girl-auctioneer richly enjoys pointing out the merits of "mouse-proof" waste-baskets, radiant student-lamps, draperies, screens, desks, and general properties of a student's room.

"Basket-ball" is another favored diversion of Smith College, and fairly divides the honors with tennis. The great game of 1894, played in the gymnasium before an audience of nearly one thousand, was an occasion to be long remembered, at least by the participants. The freshman yellow and sophomore lavender draped the running track, and the two teams from these classes played a brilliant game, resulting in favor of the sophomores. The captain was carried to the stage to receive the college banner from the victorious captain of the preceding year, while college songs were sung with such jubilant energy as to leave no doubt of the popular interest in basket-ball.

Among the numerous special social occasions for which the college is noted may be mentioned the very pretty party given by the juniors to the graduating class, early in June. With praiseworthy forethought the class acting as hostess prepares invitations and programmes during the fall term previous, and even fills out the dancing card with a list of partners. On the grand occasion the ever-popular gymnasium is handsomely decorated by the juniors, whose rooms are swept clear of all that could add beauty and brightness to the hall. An orchestra is engaged and refreshments are provided by the class receiving, while freshmen act as waitresses, and in dainty white caps and aprons form a pretty addition to the scene. Each senior is escorted to the hall and gallantly cared for by a junior. Men are not present, except by chance, and all spectators agree, as pretty girls in sweet summer gowns fill the floor with graceful movement, that nothing could be added to the scene.

Among the societies at Smith beside the biological and athletic already mentioned, are two prominent Greek-letter societies, the Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi; the Colloquium, open to students in chemistry and physics; the glee and banjo club, and the Smith College Association for Christian Work with branches for "Home Culture" work, the College Settlement Association, and Missionary Work.

HELEN MARSHALL NORTH.

OUR PLAYERS

"His Wife's Father."

THE comedy under the above title, which for many weeks past has entertained large audiences at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, possesses adventitious interest in two respects: It is a good modern example of a woman's success as a playwright, and it offers one more instance in support of the already sufficiently demonstrated fact that American "stars" need no longer go abroad in search of suitable material for the exploitation of their talents. A star play "His Wife's Father" unquestionably is—the star being that popular eccentric comedian, Mr. William H. Crane, and the author who has thus cleverly "fitted" him Miss Martha Morton. Miss Morton's name was already identified with some promising dramatic work, notably "Brother John," which was also produced by Mr. Crane. The present piece is avowedly and obviously based upon a German original; but this fact does not prevent it from being, as it now stands, essentially an American play. All dramatic writing consists of about three parts of "adaptation," of one kind or another, to one part of original creation.

"His Wife's Father" is a farcical comedy of every-day life. The father, *Buchanan Billings* (characterized with unflinching humor by Mr. Crane), is a retired business man, whose only daughter, *Nell*, marries a rather manly young fellow named *Frank Hamilton*. The old man, having formally turned over the entire control of his business affairs to the son-in-law, has nothing else to do but look after the happiness of his adored daughter, which he fondly fancies he is securing by taking charge of all the details of the new household. In short, he assumes the rôle of the proverbial mother-in-law, who for variety's sake is omitted from the plot. Naturally this brings trouble, the young couple quarrel, and the husband rushes off to Europe on the old familiar pretext of a business trip. The father now realizes, not quite too late, that he has made a mess of things. Accordingly, when *Frank* comes back safe and sound from Europe, the old gentleman exerts himself to some purpose in bringing about a general reconciliation. Then, to occupy his mind and keep out of the way, he goes off and gets married himself.

All this gives Mr. Crane excellent opportunities, of which he makes the most in his characteristic way. The entertainment is rounded out by efficient treatment of the subordinate parts in the hands of a company including Messrs. Orrin Johnson, George F. de Vere, Joseph Wheelock, Jr., Misses Anne O'Neill, Kate Denin Wilson, and Ffolliott Paget.

H. T.

A Bit of Artistic Acting.

A POET and an essayist of note, in discussing realism and romanticism in art recently, constructed an ingenious and illuminating illustration of realism—artistic realism, as he understood it. He said that if he wrote of meeting a green dragon shedding bitter tears in the Fifth



MISS FFOLLIOTT PAGET.

Avenue in such a manner that those who read his yarn saw nothing impossible in the green dragon so occupied in that locality, then he had created a work of genuine realism. We have no disposition to quarrel with this exposition of the much-vexed question, but we are quite sure that we would call such a green dragon a genuine work of art. And such works of art the players on the stage are more frequently called upon to create than any other artists of which we have knowledge. Playwrights take a greater license with probabilities than any other literary workers, and they appear to feel entirely free to make actors do what is quite impossible in real life, if by so doing a sensation can be created and the drama be made to move along. The most recent instance of this kind on the stage in New York is in Miss Martha Morton's comedy, "His Wife's Father," produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre by Mr. William H. Crane and his company. Here is a play in which the lines that must be spoken, the things that must be done, are not at all such as men and women have ever done or could ever do. The competent players struggle with it and come so near succeeding that in the main they are quite unaware of their failure, for the situations are reached and the audience is vastly amused.

But in one of the characters we see the green

dragon weeping in the Fifth Avenue; for what is the most impossible part in the play has been confided to one who is a genuine, a most accomplished, artist. The part of Mrs. Canary, a dealer in fruit, is one which would appear to give an actress no opportunity to do other than fail. When one thinks it over it seems rather amazing that anything save failure had been achieved. But from the moment that Miss Ffolliott Paget comes on the stage till the curtain falls on the last act it is perfectly apparent that she can do the impossible with such artistic finish that she converts it into what the essayist called a work of genuine realism. Such work is so rare on the American stage just now that it is not well to pass any example of it by without taking note of it and placing it on record. Miss Paget is a young English woman, and comes of an old theatrical family, being related to the Kembles. After thorough preparation she came out at the Criterion Theatre in London. It was with Mr. Wyndham that she first came to this country. Since then she has played leading parts in several of the chief American theatres, always with increasing powers. Now, with the ripeness of experience, she has the qualifications to be useful in a way that comes to but few of those who devote their lives and talents to the dramatic arts.

PHILIP POINDEXTER.

AMATEUR ATHLETICS

How the News Struck a Western Man.

It has remained for a Western newspaper man to hit the Harvard foot-ball nail very much in the region of its head. The news of the faculty's action reaching him, he wrote briefly this editorial: "President Eliot has formally announced that Harvard *can't* play foot-ball." An apt play on the word, many will say.

After the great game the crimson eleven put up against Yale last November at Springfield, every foot-ball enthusiast and graduate of the Cambridge university believes that Harvard *can* play foot-ball—and for this very reason they want *still* another chance to prove their claim. In the coaching abilities of Dr. Brooks their confidence is unlimited, and they believe that as Brooks's ideas were religiously accepted by the team last year, this year should see the really good results sure to follow thorough study and after reflection. These enthusiasts number among themselves some of Harvard's biggest guns, and thus at this writing there appears to be no reason to change the opinion several times expressed in this column, that the Harvard faculty will finally take water, and the game in consequence be given another chance.

It seems likely, though, that the playing grounds will be restricted to college towns, in which event, and granted that the present restriction is removed, a series of games between Harvard and Yale, playing alternately at New Haven and Cambridge, would be in order. It would be most commendable upon Yale's part if she offered right now to play this fall at Cambridge, thus granting the initial advantage which home grounds are believed to possess to Harvard. Perhaps such an offer would stimulate the Harvard faculty to favorable action.

THE PROGRESSIVE SEAWANHAKAS.

Never before in the history of yachting in this country have there been the reforms, the general house-cleaning, and the adoption of new ideas to govern racing, as now. The adoption of the English scheme of sailing triangular courses twice and three times around rather than straightaway, or over a triangle, whose legs are so long that the start and the finish only can be seen by those unable to follow, has already been noted; as also the move on the part of the New York Yacht Club in changing their method of figuring classification—that is, on a basis of racing and not load water-line length, which was shown to be a reform of the right sort, inasmuch as it made racing more equal for all. Then, the week of racing at Newport, which was hinted at as extremely probable, is now assured, and henceforth the City by the Sea will be known as the American Cowes. When the scheme came before the New York Yacht Club meeting it was eagerly taken up, and in short order it was agreed that the regatta committee of the club should be intrusted with the handling of the races.

Besides the races for the large craft over equilateral-triangle courses outside, to be started in the neighborhood of Brenton's Reef light-ship, the small boats will be given a chance to show their worth in Narragansett Bay. And this coming meeting of the "wee ones" calls to mind the recent action of the Seawanhaka Yacht Club in offering a perpetual international challenge cup, valued at five hundred

dollars, for small boats. The cup idea was suggested by the proposed visit, since become settled, of Mr. J. Arthur Brand, who is best known to American yachtsmen as the owner of the fast English half-rater, *Spruce II*. The conditions to govern the yearly contests are these:

- "1. The cup shall be a perpetual international challenge cup, open to competition to yachts belonging to members of recognized yacht clubs of foreign countries.
- "2. Challenges shall be made through the yacht club in which the owner or owners of the challenging yacht belongs.
- "3. The dimensions of the challenging yacht shall not exceed such as would bring its classification within the limit of racing classes under the Seawanhaka rules of fifteen feet to twenty-five feet sailing length.
- "4. The race for the cup shall be limited to a single challenger, to be met by only one competitor.
- "5. The races shall be not less than three nor more than five in number.
- "6. The course shall be, or near, the waters of Oyster Bay, so long as the cup is in the custody of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club.
- "7. The crews shall be limited, except in the case of a challenge in the twenty-five foot sailing length class, to amateurs, and in all cases the helmsman shall be an amateur.
- "8. If practicable, an international system of measurement for yachts competing for the cup shall be agreed upon.
- "9. Not less than three months' notice shall be required from any challenger.
- "10. The races shall take place between May 1st and October 1st."

After all, the greatest fun in racing is to be had in the small boats, a fact which yachtsmen are coming to appreciate more and more. Last year Howard Gould came to the conclusion that racing on the *Vigilant* was, comparatively speaking, tame indeed, and as a result the *Niagara*, the Herreshoff twenty-rater, completed last month, and destined for English waters on the deck of an ocean steamer in the near future, was ordered by him at the close of last year's yachting season.

But Mr. Gould is only one of many, and the future increase in the list of yachtsmen investing their money and their spare time in these small craft is bound to be a healthful one which will receive no uncertain impetus from the visit of Mr. Brand in the new half-rater *Spruce III*, built for the occasion. A long and lasting life is finally assured the sport by the action of the progressive Seawanhakas.

Still another movement among yachtsmen which is worthy of notice at this time is the proposed establishment of a yacht-racing union. First, it is planned to name the organization the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound, with the prime object in view of encouraging, regulating, and governing yacht racing on Long Island Sound. All recognized yacht clubs having stations on the Sound, excepting those having a membership of less than fifty, shall be eligible to membership.

The affairs of the union, very wisely, will be managed by a council of seven representatives, who shall be elected annually. Their duties, among other things, shall be the admitting of clubs to the union; the appointing of committees to frame sailing rules for adoption by the union; the arranging of dates which shall be non-conflicting; the allotting of racing numbers, and the settling of disputes. Voluntary subscriptions from the different clubs, it is thought, will meet all the expense of the union.

It is to be hoped that the union will be effected, for the scheme is in line with the reforms of the times, which have for the most part had their ground in common sense, and will tend strongly to dispel the spirit of antagonism which has ever been manifest among members of the different Sound clubs. The union will make possible, too, uniform rules to govern racing, which are so much to be desired, inasmuch as now no two clubs have the same, and to familiarize one's self with all is an unpleasant and wearisome if not an impossible task. Because a man is in doubt as to what class limit to build in, or how his boat is to be classed after she is built, he generally decides not to build at all. Were he sure of his ground the order for a boat would follow. Thus, in the adoption of uniform rules we see at once a stimulus to the yacht-building trade. A meeting of delegates from the various Sound clubs is scheduled for April 15th in the club-house of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club in East Thirty-second Street, at which time the matter will be decided one way or the other—presumably, however, in favor of the union.

W. T. Bull.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

CONDUCTED BY SAM. LOYD.

Whist Practice.

PROBLEM No. 13 was full of pit-falls, and many good solvers fell into them. There are several clever ways of winning four tricks

which seemed to satisfy the most of our friends. To secure all five tricks upon two pretty discards and a waiting play: A leads jack of hearts, to which C discards diamond king. A then leads diamonds, which C trumps with the deuce and leads five of trumps. D discards king of clubs, and A throws away the ace, so that C's clubs are both good. The problem was correctly mastered by Frank Buckley, C. M. Bright, A. Bookins, E. F. Bullard, "P. H. B.," T. Carr, J. W. Crawford, T. H. Clark, G. H. Chapin, G. Corr, T. Cox, C. A. Dixon, H. E. Daniels, G. H. Earle, W. Falconer, P. Freeman, G. Fox, C. N. Gowen, O. Gifford, C. L. Greene, W. H. Haskell, G. W. Hart, C. F. Henry, M. C. Isbel, H. H. Johnson, M. L. Kimball, W. B. Keith, J. Kane, C. H. Long, C. A. Moody, T. D. Martin, C. C. Moore, H. McCullough, Mrs. T. J. Morrison, A. G. Noyse, W. W. Noonan, A. Odebrecht, E. J. Peck, A. Peckham, O. J. Pape, H. W. Pickett, A. G. Pitts, "A. R., Jr.," P. Stafford, C. S. Stanworth, Ruby Scruggs, D. F. Stillman, "A. J. S.," "Singleton," R. B. Starrett, J. P. Stewart, J. F. Smith, I. C. Tabor, E. K. Thompson, C. W. Wales, A. Weihl, N. G. Whistler, R. H. Williams, and W. Young.

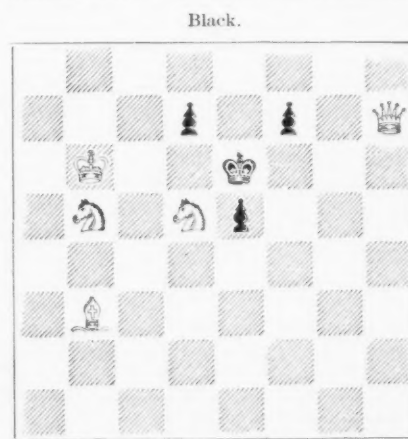
Here is a pretty idea, suggested from actual play, given as Problem No. 18.



No trumps. A leads, and with his partner C takes how many tricks against the best possible play?

The Chess-Board.

PROBLEM NO. 13. BY GEORGE E. CARPENTER.



White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 10. BY SLATER.

White. 1 R to Q Kt 3. 2 R to K 4 mate. Black. 1 Kt to Q 4.

The most of our solvers gave R to Q B as the key to this remarkably difficult problem, overlooking the simple defense of P to Q 7. Correct solutions, however, were received from Messrs. A. D. Ross, C. H. Miller, M. J. Dean, A. Odebrecht, Porter Stafford, W. L. Fogg, W. H. Denham, "D. F. S.," A. H. Gansser, P. Hub-

berd, H. W. Knox, T. Moss, C. V. Smith, H. Allen, and T. Cox. All others were incorrect.

This week's problem has had a checkered career, and goes far toward answering the oft-repeated question as to whether composers are not apt to hit upon the same ideas. It was first given to the public by its distinguished Tarrytown author in 1876, which practically settles the question of ownership. Mr. W. A. Shinkman, the famous problemist of Grand Rapids, entered it in the Huddersfield College tournament of 1878 as composed by himself, and won first prize. Mr. H. F. L. M. Meyer, of London, claims it as a matter of course, and it has since turned up in two problem tournaments, and more recently was claimed as original by the famous Swedish composer, Herman Jonson. It is not a difficult problem, but is so perfect in the variations and features which constitute the make-up of a perfect problem, that it will readily be recognized as a gem of the first water.

Dining in Berlin.

BERLIN, April 10th, 1895.—"Where do you stop in Berlin?" "At the Hotel de Rome." "And you, Mrs. Jackson?" "Well, we always go there." The conversation occurred on board the *Havel* before she had reached Bremen, recently. Eighteen passengers in a body went to the above hotel, including your correspondent, who was anxious to learn the reason of this invasion. And truly it is a wonderful house. Located within a stone's throw of the Emperor's castle, Royal Opera-house, the university, etc., facing three boulevards, including the *Linden*, it possesses incomparable views, because the entire *Linden* traffic, including the court, is compelled to pass the house. It is a veritable palace, with a spacious court, grand banqueting-halls, and lofty rooms, with ample light and the latest improvements. There is an air of extreme respectability about the place. The discipline is almost military, with exemplary attention. But the chief feature in this hotel is the table. "If you want a good dinner go to Mühling," the Berliner will tell you, and Mr. Mühling is the proprietor. He has learned the culinary art under Bertrand, the greatest chef in Europe, and his cooking has delighted Berlin aristocracy.

The house has a history. Under Emperor William I it used to be a gathering-place for royalty and diplomats. Aristocratic Americans, and particularly the ladies, have always preferred this house on account of its exceptional comforts. The Vanderbilts, the Astors, and the Goulds have stopped here, and a long list of prominent Americans, including Judge H. H. H. Iton, Philip Armour, and others. Mr. Mühling, who is particularly fond of our country, never misses an opportunity to make Americans comfortable at his hotel. But there are other advantages also. The principal tourist agency of Germany has its office in the house, together with facilities for the checking of your baggage, quite American. The elder Mr. Mühling is a genial, kindly man, philanthropic, and highly respected. If you want to live high his cellar contains choice and old brands, and the kitchen will furnish the daintiest morsel; and the contrary if preferred by a frugal liver. In no case is the visitor importuned or "squeezed."

"But evil is wrought by want of thought, As well as want of heart."

By want of thought mothers allow daughters to become frail and puny. Over-study in girls induces uterine disorders and weaknesses, and blights their future happiness as wives and mothers. Joined to proper hygienic care, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a priceless remedy in such ailments, its value becoming even more apparent every year. Using it, the wan, debilitated school-girl gains color, flesh, and spirits, losing those deathly headaches, tormenting backaches, languor, dejection, and other symptoms of functional irregularities, and nervous debility. It never harms the most delicate girl.

An Asthma Cure at Last.

EUROPEAN physicians and medical journals report a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola plant found on the Congo River, West Africa. The Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending free trial cases of the Kola Compound by mail to all sufferers from Asthma who send name and address on a postal card. A trial costs you nothing.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

Offensive Bill-boards.

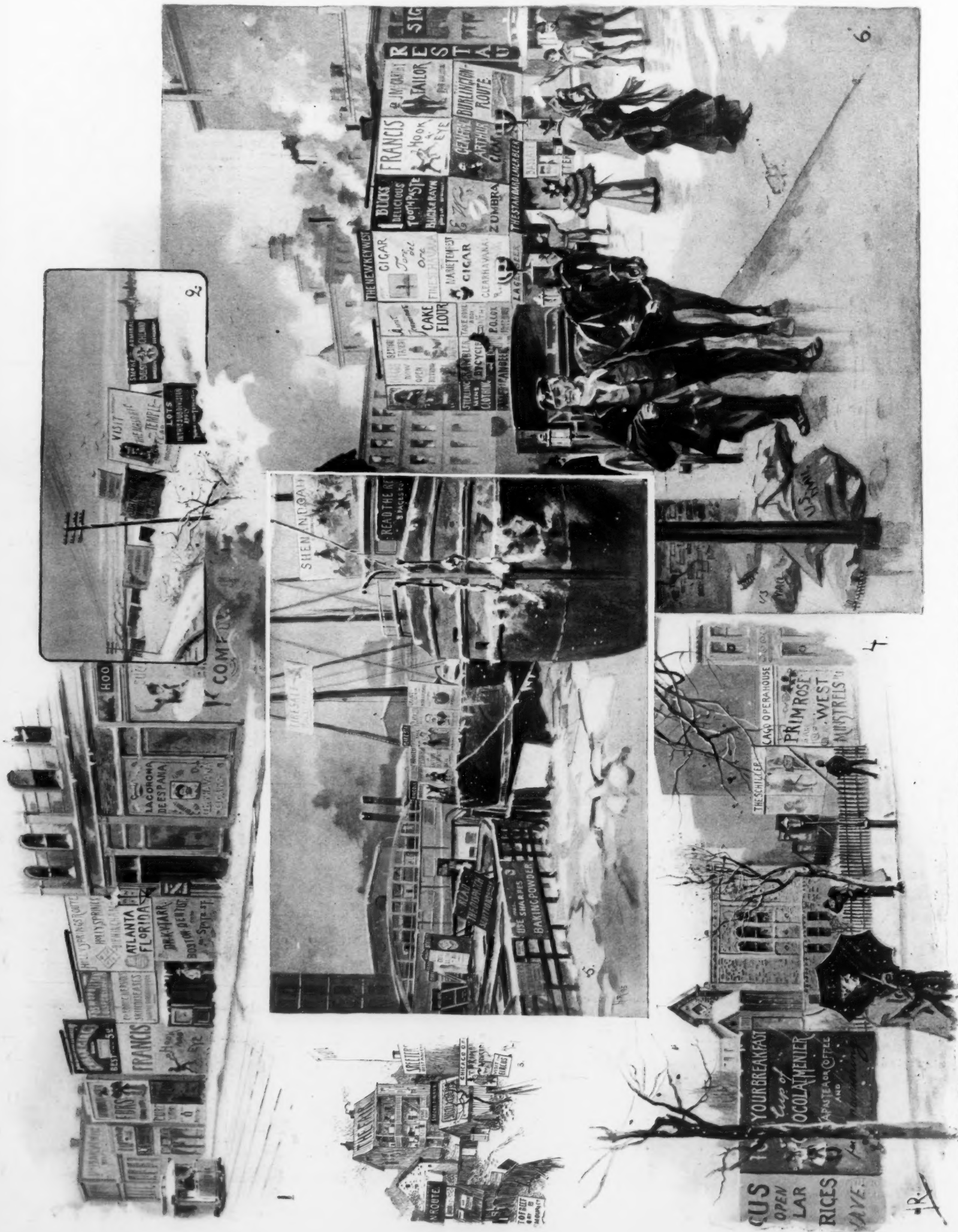
The frantic efforts of advertisers to catch the attention of the public is by no means confined to Western cities, but seems to have reached a climax in Chicago, where bill-boards fifteen or twenty feet high and hundreds of feet in length are not uncommon. The immediate neighborhood of the post-office and one of the largest of the city's hotel and office buildings is distinguished by huge signs of packing-houses and catarrh cures; the Auditorium and the Newberry Library are sufferers in a similar manner, and the vessels in the river harbor are made to carry signs nearly as large as their sails. Opposite Lincoln Park a modest little Episcopal church is nearly obscured by the huge boards that a sign company has erected upon the neighboring vacant lots, and the statue of Mr. Drexel, upon Drexel Boulevard, gazes solemnly at the announcements of enterprising cigar and shoe manufacturers on the opposite side of the street. The public are, of course, disgusted with this impudent encroachment upon their privacy, and it has been proposed both to boycott the objectionable advertisers and to prohibit, by a city ordinance, the erection of signs above a certain reasonable limit. The newly-elected reform city government could not do a wiser or more popular thing than initiate a vigorous crusade against this growing evil.

No matter how magnificent the architecture of a city may be, or to what extent it may be adorned with statues, fountains, and parks, the constant obtrusion of glaring and offensive business signs neutralizes every aesthetic effort and vulgarizes the whole.

J. T. B.

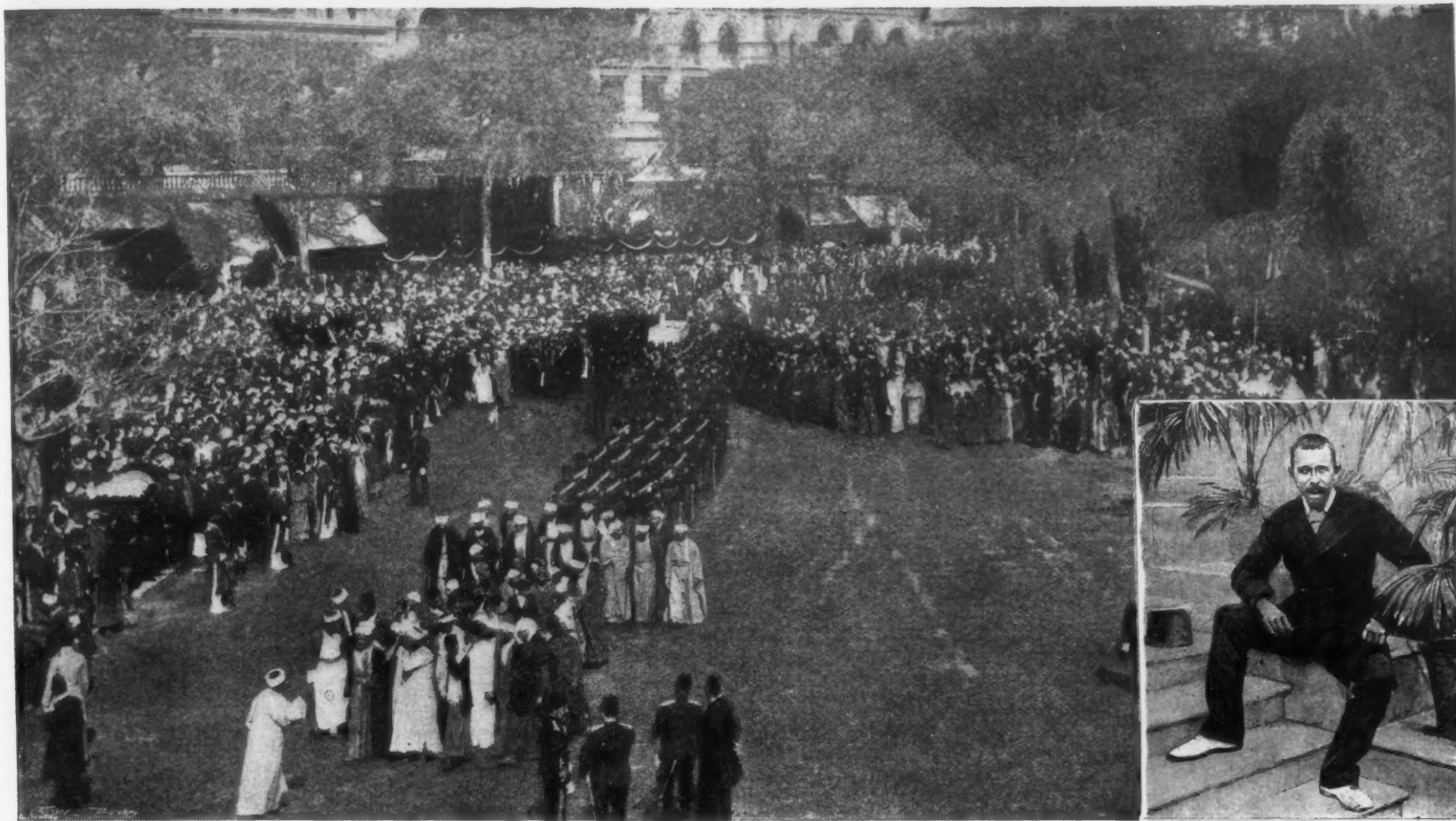
Our Foreign Pictures.

AMONG our foreign pictures is a portrait of Slatin Pasha, the last of General Gordon's lieutenants, who recently escaped from the Sudan, after being twelve years in captivity. He was at one time governor-general of a province, and ranked as one of the bravest fighters under Gordon. Nine previous attempts had been made to effect his release, but each was baffled. This time the arrangements were more carefully made by his outside friends, and he got away from Omdurman successfully, but was pursued one hundred and fifty miles across the desert. He reached Assuan safely after several various escapes from his pursuers, and was eagerly welcomed by the British and other officials who had given him up for lost. We also give an illustration of the funeral of Ismail Pasha, the ex-Khedive of Egypt, whose career was one of the most romantic of modern history. The obsequies were most impressive; the house-fronts were draped with black, and the flags of all nations were displayed half-mast high. During the progress of the cortege minute-guns boomed from the forts, military bands discoursed plaintive music, and the voices of the chanting ulanias and of the wailing sisterhood swelled the chorus. Another illustration depicts a characteristic camp scene in the Chinese army. There is also a picture showing the gap in the Great Wall of China at Shan-Hai-Kwan. This gap was caused by the annual floods, and has now been utilized as a means of passage for the railway which has its terminus here. A timely picture of Prince Bismarck and his family completes our page of foreign illustrations.



1. A whole block covered with posters (Illinois Street between La Salle Avenue and Clark Street). 2. Along the railroad (entering the city). 3. As seen from the elevated railroad, sixteenth Street. 4. All Souls' Episcopal Church, opposite Lincoln Park (on Clark Street). 5. Chicago River from Clark Street bridge. 6. Building covered with bill-boards, corner Jackson and Dearborn Streets, a stone's throw from Union League Club.

THE BILL-BOARD NUISANCE IN CHICAGO—DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL.



THE FUNERAL OF ISMAIL PASHA, THE EX-KHEDIVE OF EGYPT, IN CAIRO.—*London Black and White.*

SLATIN PASHA, THE LAST OF GORDON'S
LIEUTENANTS.—*London Graphic.*



A STORY-TELLER IN THE CHINESE CAMP ON THE WAY TO NEW CHWANG.
London Graphic.



THE GAP IN THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA AT SHAN-HAI-KWAN.
London Graphic.



Dr. Chrysander. M. Lindow. Count William Bismarck. Professor Schweningen. Countess Herbert Bismarck. M. de Lenbach.
Count Rantzau. Count Herbert Bismarck. Madame de Lenbach. Countess Rantzau. Princess Bismarck. Prince Bismarck.

PRINCE BISMARCK AND HIS FAMILY.—*L'Illustration, Paris.*

FALL RIVER LINE, BETWEEN NEW YORK AND BOSTON.

SOME ITEMS OF INTEREST WORTH REMEMBERING.

Change in leaving time. Commencing Monday, April 1st, 1895, the steamers *Puritan* and *Pilgrim* will leave Pier 28 (old number), North River, foot of Murray Street, at 5:30 P.M., instead of 5 P.M., as at present.

Sunday trips will be resumed for the season, commencing May 5th, 1895. Steamers will leave New York from Pier 28, North River, at the same time (5:30 P.M.) as on week days. From Boston, connecting trains will leave Park Square Station of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad at 7 P.M. (an hour later than on week days), connecting with boat at Fall River in eighty minutes.

Double service will be effective for the summer season of 1895 from Monday, June 17th, until Saturday, September 14th, inclusive. During this period the *Priscilla*, *Puritan*, *Plymouth*, and *Pilgrim* will be in commission and be operated together between New York and Fall River, the same as last season. The *Priscilla* and *Puritan* will leave New York at 5:30 P.M., and run direct to Fall River, while the *Plymouth* and *Pilgrim* will leave at 6:30 P.M., run to New York, reach there at about 4 A.M., remain there until 6 A.M., and then proceed to Fall River, reaching there at 7 A.M. From Boston trains will leave Park Square Station at 6 and 7 P.M., connecting at Fall River with boats leaving there at 7:40 and 8:30 P.M. due New York at 7 A.M.; the train leaving Boston at 6 P.M. will connect with steamer touching at New York at 9:15 P.M. There will be but one boat (5:30 P.M.) from New York on Sundays. From the East there will be two boats every day in the week, excepting on Saturday, when but one boat will be run to New York.

Change in pier number. Commencing June 1st, 1895, Pier 28 (old number), North River, foot of Murray Street, will be known, and advertised, as Pier 18, North River, foot of Murray Street.

Music.—It is nothing new on the Fall River Line. Each of the steamers carries an orchestra at all seasons of the year.

NATURAL domestic champagnes are now very popular. A fine brand called "Golden Age" is attracting attention.

SUPERIOR to vaseline and emblems. Crème Simon, marvelous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, 13 rue Grange Batelière, Paris. Park & Tilford, New York, druggists, perfumers, fancy goods stores.

A POUND OF FACTS

Is worth oceans of theories. More infants are successfully raised on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk than upon any other food. *Infant Health* is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address to the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.

EVOLUTION OF RAILROADING.

It leads the world of travel in all things—In comfort, safety, luxury, and speed;

It introduced block signals, and all else

Tending to give, with safety, quickest time;

The vestibule, electric lighting, baths,

Ladies maids, barbers, stock reports, buffets,

Typewriters, dining, and observation cars—

In short, "The Pennsylvania Limited."

It gives to all desiring privacy,

Compartment cars equipped par excellence.

It is the shortest, quickest, best of lines

From North and East to South and West.

Hours from New York to Chicago, 23;

Cincinnati, 21; St. Louis, 29.

Others may emulate, but equal, none.

THE STANDARD RAILROAD OF AMERICA.

DR. SIEGERT'S Angostura Bitters are the most efficacious stimulant for the appetite.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old or middle-aged man, suffering from nervous debility, lack of vigor, or weakness from errors or excesses, will inclose stamp to me, I will send him the prescription of a genuine, certain cure, free of cost, no humbug, no deception. It is cheap, simple and perfectly safe and harmless. I will send you the correct prescription, and you can buy the remedy of me or prepare it yourself, just as you choose. The prescription I send free, just as I agree to do. Address E. H. HUNGERFORD, Box A, 231, Albion, Michigan.

WHICH MAN WINS?

THE one with steady nerves and a clear brain. That means in nine cases out of ten, the man with a good digestion. A Ripans Tabule after dinner may save to-morrow's business.

THE Sohmer Piano ranks among the best for excellence of tone, durability and finish.

Stop that Cough!

It may lead to serious consequences. Cough remedies will not do it, because it means more than a simple cold. Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites will do it, and at the same time will build up and fortify the system against further attacks.

We are putting up a 50-cent size for just these local difficulties. For ordinary Coughs and Colds that quantity will doubtless cure. If it is deep-seated it may require more.

Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute!

Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists, 50c. and \$1.

FACIAL HUMORS

Prevented by
CUTICURA
SOAP



ASHAMED TO BE SEEN because of disfiguring facial humors is the condition of thousands who live in ignorance of the fact that in CUTICURA SOAP is to be found the purest, sweetest, and most effective skin purifier and beautifier in the world. For pimples, blackheads, red and oily skin, red, rough hands with shapeless nails, dry, thin, and falling hair, it is wonderful.

Sold throughout the world, and especially by English and American chemists in all continental cities. British depot: F. NEWBERRY & SONS, 1, King Edward-st., London. POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

We hold over
7000 letters
from Eminent Doctors
PROVING

VIN MARIANI
THE IDEAL TONIC

Body
To Fortify and
Brain

Mailed Free.
Descriptive Book with Testimony and
Portraits
OF NOTED CELEBRITIES.

Beneficial and Agreeable.
Every Test Proves Reputation.
Avoid Substitutions. Ask for "Vin Mariani."
At Druggists and Fancy Grocers.

MARIANI & CO.,
PARIS: 41 Bd. Haussmann. 52 W. 15th St., New York.
LONDON: 232 Oxford Street.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES
COLD IN HEAD
PRICE 50 CENTS. ALL DRUGGISTS

Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day.—Shakespeare.

AND SO, TOO, OF THE SKIN
THE STATE AND INCLINATION
OF THE PERSON.

CONSTANTINE'S Pine Tar Soap.
Persian Healing,

if used regularly, greatly
improves the complexion
and brings the skin to a
healthy state. This accomplished, the inclination invariably is toward
its constant use thereafter
for the Toilet, Bath and
Nursery.

—DRUGGISTS.—

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10
to 20 days. No pay till cured.
DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

THE CELEBRATED
SOHMER
Pianos are the Best.

Warerooms: 149-155 E. 14th St., New York.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

S-O-H-M-E-R.

TAMAR A laxative, refreshing
fruit lozenge,
very agreeable to take, for
Constipation,
hemorrhoids, bile,
loss of appetite, gastric
and intestinal troubles and
headache arising
from them.

INDIEN E. GRILLON,
38 Rue des Arènes, Paris
Sold by all Druggists.

GRILLON

Words of Compliment.

THE recent issue of the WEEKLY in which "The Navies of the Great Naval Powers" were exhaustively described and illustrated has attracted wide commendation from the press and public. The *Troy Times* speaks of it as "a superb number," and characterizes the special article by Mr. Franklin Matthews as "a glorious story, compactly told," and full of interest to every American citizen. These expressions of appreciation are, naturally, extremely gratifying to the publishers of the WEEKLY. It is no less gratifying that they reflect a general sentiment, the popularity of the paper being confined to no one particular section. We learn, for instance, from the annual report of the board of directors of the Los Angeles (California) Public Library that the WEEKLY leads all the illustrated newspapers in the number of library readers, having last year been called for more frequently than *Harper's* or any other weekly publication.

Our Superlative Department.

NO. XL.—THE YOUNGEST.

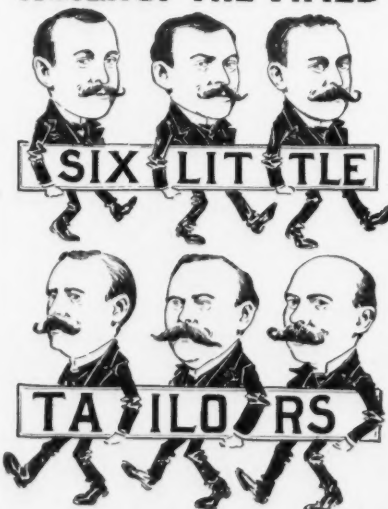
THE Fifty-fourth Congress of the United States, whose members began to draw salary on March 4th, includes some of the youngest representatives on record. There are very many young men in the Senate, which has before had many youthful and distinguished members. If the records give his age correctly, George B. McClellan, the Democratic Representative from the Twelfth New York District, and who was born November 23d, 1865, in Dresden, Saxony, is the youngest member. Rarely in the United States has a man taken his seat in the highest representative body before reaching the age of thirty. In England it is not uncommon for a youth of twenty-one or twenty-two to take his seat in Parliament, and William Pitt, the youngest chancellor of the exchequer, was not twenty-six when he reached that highest honor.

Rowland Blennerhassett Mahany, Republican Representative of the Thirty-second New York District in the Fifty-fourth Congress, is the next youngest member to Colonel George B. McClellan. When only twenty-eight years of age he was appointed by President Harrison minister to Ecuador. He is a picturesque poet, and was born in Buffalo, September 28th, 1864.

The next youngest members of this juvenile Congress are Harrison H. Atwood, Republican Representative from the Tenth District of Massachusetts, who was born August 26th, 1863, and J. Frank Hanley, Republican Representative from the Ninth District of Indiana, who was born in a log-cabin, April 4th, 1863. Mr. Hanley was married when he was only eighteen.

The youngest college professor on record took charge, March 1st, 1895, of the Latin classes in A. Lion College, Michigan. He was the thirteen-year-old son of Professor Evuan, of that college, (Continued on page 261.)

A SIGN OF THE TIMES



We have had a great run

ON OUR

NOBBY SPRING SUITS

At \$15.50.

There is nothing like them in the whole world for the money.

Good Value at \$25.

Six Little Tailors,

229 BROADWAY, opposite Post-office.

BOWERY, corner BROOME STREET.

Samples and self-measurement guide sent on application. All orders must be sent direct, as this firm has no agents.

"That's SH&M"



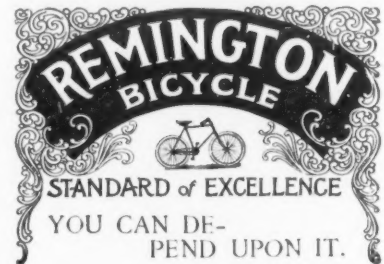
what you want
to ASK and LOOK
for when you buy a
Bias
Velveteen
Skirt Binding,
no matter what the
clerk says.

For sale by all dry goods
dealers.

A set of the "S. H. & M." miniature figures showing the latest Parisian costumes with booklet on "How to Bind the Dress Skirt," mailed for 10c. in stamps.

The S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, N. Y.

"S. H. & M." Dress Stays are the Best.



Light, yet most durable—an "Up-to-Date" bicycle in every respect—many improvements, exclusively Remington—science and art combined to make a perfect wheel—indorsed by experienced riders.

Prices, \$100, \$90, \$75, \$50.

Send for Handsomely Illustrated Catalogue, giving full particulars—Free.

Remington Arms Co.,

313 and 315 Broadway,

Factories: Ilion, N. Y. New York.

The Automatic Reel



The
Little
Finger
Does it.

It will wind up the line a hundred times as fast as any other reel in the world. It will wind up the line slowly. No fish can ever get slack line with it. It will save more fish than any other reel. Manipulated entirely by the hand that holds the rod.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

YAWMAN & ERBE,

Please mention this paper.

Rochester, N. Y.

Morning, Noon and Night,

You can leave Grand Central Station, the very centre of the city,

For Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati in a magnificently equipped train.

Via the New York Central, The Great Four-track Trunk Line.

Trains depart from and arrive at Grand Central Station, New York,

Connecting the east and west, by the New York Central Lines.


Chicago is only 24 hours away; Cincinnati 22; St. Louis 30.

Eleven through trains each day, Practically a train every hour, via


"America's
Greatest Railroad."

BLOOD POISON

A SPECIALTY Primary, Secondary or Tertiary BLOOD POISON permanently cured in 15 to 35 days. You can be treated at home for same price under same guarantee. If you prefer to come here we will contract to pay railroad fare and hotel bills, and no charge, if we fail to cure. If you have taken mercury, iodine, potash, and still have aches and pains, Mucous Patches in mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, it is this Secondary BLOOD POISON we guarantee to cure. We solicit the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure. This disease has always baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. \$500,000 capital behind our unconditional guaranty. Absolute proof sent sealed on application. Address COOK, REEDY & CO., 307 Masonic Temple, CHICAGO, ILL.



**PABST-
Best MALT EXTRACT
Tonic**




PABST-

"Been sick?"
"Nearly died."
"Long sickness?"
"Six weeks."
"You look bad?"
"Can't get strong."
"Yes you can."
"How?"
"Take 'Best' Tonic."
"What's that?"
"Pabst Malt Extract."
"Any good?"
"Nothing like it."
"How do you know?"
"Tried it."
"Do me good?"
"Why, man, it's exactly, precisely, undeniably, indisputably, unquestionably, decidedly, conclusively, incontrovertibly, what you want."
"At druggists?"
"Yes."

Write for five pretty little books, sent free.
Mention this Publication.
Address
"PABST-MILWAUKEE," Wis.

MILWAUKEE

SUPREME AWARD
WORLD'S FAIR



FROM CASKS
ROTUND THE
MILLOW BREW
OF PABST
SPRINGS PERFECT
TO THE LIGHT
FOR NATURE SURE
AND SCIENCE TRUE
CONSPIRE TO BREW IT RIGHT

Our Superlative Department.

(Continued from page 290.)

who had broken a rib and was unable to attend to the classes. The thirteen-year-old professor is said to know pretty nearly as much Latin as his father, and to converse freely in the tongue of the Caesars.

The youngest lawyer in the United States is Edwin Harrison Bleckley, who is just one year old, but was at the age of six months unanimously elected to the Bar Association of Georgia. The way that happened was this: The infant Bleckley's father is Chief Justice Bleckley of the Supreme Court of that State, who was nearly eighty years old when he was married in 1892, and whose infant prodigy was honored by the admiring members of the Bar.

The youngest public-school teacher in the world is Amelia Massopust, who has charge of the primary class in Public School No. 3, of Perth Amboy, New Jersey, of which Charles Dietz is principal. She teaches her class in the coal cellar, preserves strict discipline, and is a bright, rosy-cheeked girl of twelve, the only assistant Mr. Dietz has in looking after seventy pupils.

The youngest barber on record is said to have been Nelly Wick, of the Globe Toilet Saloon, King's Road, Chelsea, London. At the age of four years she was backed by her father to shave five men within thirty minutes for a silver medal. She did shave the five men in less than twelve minutes.

The youngest State treasurer ever selected to fill so responsible a position in the United States is Lon V. Stevens, of Missouri, who had not yet reached his thirtieth year when he was appointed, seven years ago, to succeed his defaulting predecessor in office at Jefferson City.

Great Western

The Finest
CHAMPAGNE
In America.

Now used in many of the best Hotels, Clubs and Homes in Preference to Foreign Vintages.

A home product which Americans are especially proud of.

One that reflects the highest credit on the country which produces it.

Address,
Pleasant Valley Wine Company,

RHEIMS, Steuben Co., New York.
H. B. Kirk & Co., 69 FULTON STREET AND 1158 BROADWAY, NEW YORK AGENTS.

MONARCH King of Bicycles.



FIVE MODELS: 18 TO 25 POUNDS.
\$85, \$100 and \$125.

MONARCH CYCLE CO.,
Lake and Halsted Sts., Chicago.
Eastern Branch, 97-99 Reade St., New York.
The C. F. GUYON CO., Ltd., Mgrs.




DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKY



FOR MEDICINAL USE.
No Fusel Oil.

SAT IN A DRAUGHT.
THE CAR WINDOW WAS OPEN.
WENT OUT AFTER A BATH.
FORGOT TO WEAR AN OVERCOAT.
NEGLECTED TO PUT ON RUBBERS.
GOT CAUGHT IN A RAIN, AND

YOU HAVE A COLD!
and should take the best known preparation for it. Nothing which has ever been discovered has equaled Duffy's Pure Malt Whisky for counteracting the first approach of any cold, cough or malarial symptoms. It is for sale by druggists and grocers universally, but care should be exercised that none but Duffy's is secured. Send for our illustrated book.
DUFFY MALT WHISKY CO.,
Rochester, N. Y.



DEAFNESS
and Head Noises relieved by using
Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drums.
New scientific invention; different from all other devices. The only safe, simple, comfortable and invisible Ear Drum in the world. Helps where medical skill fails. No wire or string attachment. Write for pamphlet.
WILSON EAR DRUM CO.,
Offices: 102 Trust Bldg., Louisville, Ky.
1122 Broadway, New York.

Dr. Williams' Kidney Pills.
A remedy that has no equal in diseases of the Kidneys and Urinary Organs. Have you overworked your nervous system and caused trouble with your Kidneys and Liver? Have you a flabby appearance of the face, especially under the eyes? No matter what the cause, we know Dr. Williams' Kidney Pills will cure you; impart new life to the diseased organs, tone up the whole system, and make a new man of you. Mailed on receipt of price, 50 cents per box.
WILLIAMS MEDICINE CO., Props., Cleveland, O.
The C. N. Crittenton Co., Agents.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY
LADIES!!
Do you like a cup of Good Tea? If so send this "Ad" and 15c. in stamps and we will mail you a 1-lb. sample Best Tea Imported. Any kind you may select. Good Income, Big Premiums, etc. Teas, Coffees, Baking Powder and Spices.
Send for terms. (Mention "Leslie's Weekly.")
THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
P. O. Box 289, 31 & 33 Vesey St., New York.

FACIAL BLEMISHES.
Largest establishment in the world for the treatment of SKIN, SCALP, AND NERVES. John H. Woodbury, Dermatologist, 127 W. 42d St., N. Y. City. Inventor of WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP. Send 10c. for sample and 150-page book on Dermatology.

LONDON.
THE LANGHAM, Portland Place. Unrivalled situation at top of Regent Street. A favorite hotel with Americans. Lighted by electricity; excellent table d'hôte.

BALD HEADS

Cause and Cure.
No one need be Bald or affected with falling hair, dandruff, or other scalp affections.
Foso Foam and Foso Bark.
A positive cure for the most obstinate cases. A little treatise, giving full information, free on application.

BALD HEADS

Altenheim Medical Dispensary,
21 W. 3rd St., Cincinnati, O.

\$2.49 CASH WITH ORDER
Automatic, this automatic, Self-Loading, Nickel Plated, Rubber Handled, 6 Shot Revolver, 32 or 38 C. F., or send 50 cts. and we will ship C. O. D. \$1.99 and allow examination. **FIRE ARMS CO.,** Winston, N. C.

THE BEST GENERAL ADVERTISING MEDIUM IS
LESLIE'S WEEKLY.
For Rates Address
WILLIAM L. MILLER, Adv. Manager,
110 Fifth Ave., New York.

THIS PAPER IS PRINTED WITH INK MANUFACTURED BY
J. Harper Bonnell Co.,
NEW YORK, CHICAGO.

PUBLISHERS, PRINTERS AND LITHOGRAPHERS

NO-TO-BAC

Stop Naturally!

NO-TO-BAC

NO-TO-BAC

Don't tobacco spit and smoke your life away, and go on suffering from nerve troubles that make the strongest man weak, dizzy and undecided, prevent him from doing the right thing at the right time, all because the blood is tobacco-poisoned. The natural way to stop a thing is to get a distaste for it. You can stop naturally this brain-weakening, nerve-ruining, tobacco disease by the use of the original, time tested, guaranteed tobacco habit cure.

NO-TO-BAC

NO-TO-BAC

NO-TO-BAC KILLS TOBACCO.

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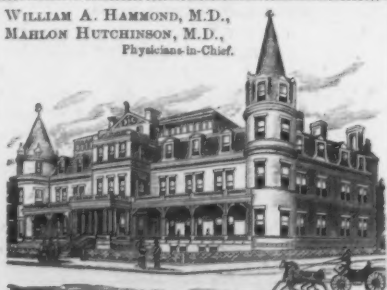
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